FADE IN:

INT. NIKASSI MANSION WASH ROOM - NIGHT - 1936

Socialite ABNER NIKASSI fixes his tie in the mirror. Outside the door, 9-year old SIMEON stands quietly, watching his father's every move with a malevolent intelligence.

On the wall, a bookstand with a giant red book reads EGO CAPUT DRACONIS. Above it, a menorah burns.

INT. CLUB BALLROOM - NIGHT - BERLIN 1936

A sultry German singer croons on stage while Nazi officers populate pool hall chairs, chattering confidently, laughing.

A server delivers a small pastry with an ornate ALLES GUTE 44 spelled in red sauce.

COL BOEHM (O.S.)
Ah, viel erfolg.

A hand slides a dossier across the table linen. Abner thumbs through. Nazi COL BOEHM waits for his response, smiling at female servers.

Abner reads over a page - an excavation order which bears a Nazi crest and the word BAGHDAD.

COL BOEHM (CONT'D)
We could go on a bear hunt to celebrate, but this country's bears are as weak as its people. Back home, now THERE are bears.

ABNER
But have you ever taken one alive, Colonel?

Abner signs and spins the dossier back to the Colonel. Hitler's "follow us to the future" plays on a nearby radio.

The Colonel cackles. Abner consumes the pastry in one bite.

INT./EXT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY - BERLIN 1939

An SS Officer flips a dossier cover while clomping down a hallway. Jews line either side, hands in the air. He consults the list, makes selections. His soldiers follow orders.

Outside, a Rolls Royce glides by.

EXT. SNOWY ROAD - DAY - POLAND 1939

The Rolls continues - a concentration camp slides into view.

EXT. NEW ENGLAND MANSION - DAY - SUMMER 1972

A newer model Rolls Royce drives down a lane and pulls in front of a mansion.

INT. ROLLS ROYCE - DAY

Simeon, now 44 years old, whirls around in the front seat to glare at his 5-year old son, DANIEL.

SIMEON
You will be obedient to your grandfather.
(beat)
Daniel!

Daniel jerks to attention. Simeon sighs and hands him an old teddy bear.

SIMEON (CONT'D)
Are you afraid?

He shakes his head emphatically. Simeon pushes the bear into his hands.

SIMEON (CONT'D)
It doesn't matter. This won't take long.

INT. MANSION HALLWAY DAY

Simeon plops Daniel into a chair in the wide entryway.

SIMEON
Wait here.

Simeon leaves. Daniel looks around the echoing space - it's like a museum. A wide staircase in the front of the hall ascends to the second floor. Daniel peers at a large painting at the top of the stairs. He stands up. Frowns at the teddy bear. Tosses it spitefully into the chair.

DANIEL
I'm not a baby.

Daniel makes a rude gesture at the bear before turning toward the staircase. Touching the banister, he looks back to see if his dad is watching. He scowls, and ascends.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

At the edge of the entryway, the edge of a cloak drops into frame, then another - people watching Daniel's ascent.

Daniel reaches the top of the staircase and closely examines the huge portrait. It is 44-year old Abner, posing with an American flag draped in the background.

A distant clang alerts Daniel. He peers down the hallway. He moves that direction, Following an intricate and disturbing series of carved idols. He pauses to examine an empty spot in the line, where one idol appears to be missing. There is a light on under a doorway at the end of the hall. He pushes open the door.

The room is black. Candlelight flickers. Abner, now 81 but looking far older, mutters quietly as he busies himself in the sink.

Abner's naked, skeletal back juts and heaves as he stares not into a bathroom mirror, but directly into the luminous orb-eye of a small serpentine idol. Below it, a giant red book lies open. Abner gibbers as if possessed, rubbing his wrists together insanely.

ABNER
Per determinatur coactione, inscia sacrificium, inter unum et duo-

DANIEL
Grandfather?

Abner spins on the spot. Only the whites of his eyes show. Inside these eyes, Daniel sees an awful demonic manifestation, and his own reflection.

ABNER
-Sinit in armiger lux!

Daniel recoils in horror and flees the room.

ABNER (CONT'D)
(echoing down the hall)
Lux, lux, lux!

Daniel stops at the top of the stairs and turns to see if this nightmare is pursuing him.

EXT. WOOD TRAIL - DAWN

An adult DANIEL NIKASSI and JOHN WANYK are both running on separate forest trails. As Daniel casually jogs past a rusted metal pipe, he stops for a breather, and turns to check if he is being followed.

CONTINUED:

John, sweaty, bloody, and running for his life in full combat gear, is definitely being followed, and dares not stop.

INT. NIKASSI BEDROOM - MORNING - JANUARY 2013

Daniel sits up in bed suddenly. He is panting, afraid. His beautiful red-haired wife KELLY lies with him, already awake. He slides out of bed and goes to the window.

KELLY
Same dream?

DANIEL
Running. Running, running. I think I'll skip today.

KELLY
You keep skipping runs, and I'm going to trade you in for a newer model.

Kelly laughs as Daniel lunges back under the covers and attacks her. Soon his head emerges from the blanket.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Happy birthday.

They kiss.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Tell me.

DANIEL
You're my heart.

KELLY
Damn right, old man.

Kelly holds his gaze for a moment. Then she playfully pushes his face with her palm.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Because I got a newer model all picked out, just in case you...

Daniel burrows back under the blanket.

KELLY (CONT'D)
(laughing)
No! Danny, no!

INT. UNIVERSITY CLASSROOM - DAY

Daniel stands at the head of his class, beginning a lecture.

DANIEL
Good morning, everyone. Books away, please. Last week we began discussing the power of ideas, and how they control behavior. Settle in, please.

INSERT SCENE: Kelly prepares her papers at the kitchen table, talking with her law partner on the phone as Daniel walks in, tightening his tie.

Daniel raises his arms for inspection. Kelly indicates for him to spin on the spot. She rolls her eyes, fixes his crooked tie, then gives him a thumbs up - inspection passed.

DANIEL (V.O.)(CONT'D)
Since last month's attacks, who's noticed the religious revival? Thousands of people worldwide, unrelated, disconnected, dropping dead simultaneously - people are once again asking why and finding the familiar answers. They - that is, religions - have the power to control behavior.

INSERT SCENE: Daniel knocks on the door across the hall, hefting an army backpack. Combat veteran SAM LEVI comes out. Attached to Sam's leg is his energetic daughter ASHLEY, who wields a stuffed dinosaur.

Kelly gets a hug from Ashley as Sam and Daniel flip a coin to see who's driving today.

Sam loses, hugs Ashley goodbye, and they head to the parking garage. Kelly heads a different direction, waving goodbye.

BACK TO:

DANIEL (CONT'D)
But there is another THEY - a bigger, badder THEY. And in their society, religions are emasculated by granting them all equal legitimacy, and subsidized with tax exempt status.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Now they can't talk politics or economics, only salvation, and if there are multiple answers to salvation, there can be none. Religions are safe, padded cattle pens for neutered thought.

INSERT SCENE: Daniel and Sam leave their gated community in Sam's car, which has an INFOWARS bumper sticker. There is an armed security guard and surveillance at the gate. The guard nods to them. Down the block, National Guard in biohazard masks remove bodies from a house.

DANIEL (V.O.)
But the real THEY - the religion that has traded its golden gods for green ones - statism. Statism is the world's largest cult, and it does not fear competition, because it controls the most battalions. Who's heard of Colin Martin?

A small cheer from a minority in the class.

INSERT SCENE: Kelly walks toward the county jail through a crowd demonstration - people are waving FREE MARTIN and LIBERTY NOT TYRANNY. Several recognize her and cheer her on. She waves as she is allowed past the guards and inside.

DANIEL (V.O.)
In Dr. Martin's case, free speech was more dangerous than approved speech, so now his liberty and maybe his life are forfeit.

INSERT SCENE: Kelly enters a cell, where COLIN MARTIN waits.

DANIEL (V.O.)
So, arrest is just another form of dogmatic witch burning, and provides a consequence for those considering statist apostasy. Decapitate the heretic.

INSERT SCENE: The train platform is loaded with cameras. A minority gang loiters, led by RASHID, a strong black man with dreadlocks. He eyes Daniel. The train arrives.

Dan and Sam take seats. Others on the train are wearing medical masks and looking around. Palpable anxiety. Daniel jumps up and offers his seat to an older woman.

CONTINUED: (2)

Down the center aisle comes a pair of female transit cops with a thuggish gray-jacketed TSA agent with prison tattoos, checking irises at random with a biometric device.

DANIEL (V.O.)
It uses fear masked as hope, unity, or security, and sells its listless voters the same package of permanent war, proving that American patriotism can be manipulated. Meanwhile, we in the pews do not question those in the ranks, because we all serve the same god.

INSERT SCENE: A large, intimidating older man turns in his police badge, shaking hands with other officers on his way out of the station. This is retiring cop ERIK HARWELL. He "finger pistols" TYREL GOLDMAN and exits the station, carrying a heavy duffel.

DANIEL (V.O.)
In contrast, what three things arm a free society? A philosophy supporting right to life, the right to defend that life, and...?

Erik opens the back of a van driven by CHRISTIAN STETLER, a can-do mechanic with kind eyes. Erik's hardy sons JAKE and MAX (17 and 15) sit inside. They look out, pulling security as Erik drops the heavy duffel bag into the back.

DANIEL (V.O.)
Firearms. Weapons. The life expectancy of any given free society is around... Ms. Hudson?

INSERT SCENE: The train crosses a visible barrier between the suburbs and the city. All around them are posters of RFID, vaccine, and political slogans.

EMILY HUDSON (V.O.)
200 years.

DANIEL (V.O.)
So, what does that tell you about the United States, especially now that we have been disarmed of each? Anyone? We are due.

CONTINUED: (3)

Daniel he notices an etched a message on the plastic seat in front of him: "EVOLVE OR DIE." The train enters the city imposing limits.

BACK TO:

Daniel rocks on a swivel chair at the front of the lecture hall, his passionate demeanor taking stride. The rows of students are not as full as they used to be. He plays with a silver coin. On his desk is a picture of him and Dr. Martin.

DANIEL
Humanity has an enemy that knows free-willed people are hard to control. And so all of us, except for an infinitesimally small number of exempt rulers, are unwitting sheep in a carefully orchestrated construct that keeps us fat and quiet so we can be fleeced. This is subjugation, the natural consequence of conquest. Mr. Jensen! Do you like being free?

Jensen, whispering to a girl, snaps back to his notes.

JENSEN
I will when class is over.

The students laugh. Jensen is encouraged.

DANIEL
How do you co-opt an idea?

JENSEN
I have NO idea.

Jensen gets another laugh. Daniel pounces.

DANIEL
Well, there it is. The wet dream of every tyrant - a WILLING slave population. Mr. Jensen, your apathy toward liberty is not only typical of the moral decline of America, it is dangerous.

Podgy dean of faculty THOMAS SANDERS steps in to the classroom and stands with his arms folded. Daniel sees him.

CONTINUED: (4)

JENSEN
Moral decline? I thought you weren't religious. And why are you looking for those ugly things?

He points to Daniel's desk, which is lined with labeled Babylonian idols. There is a conspicuous empty spot.

DANIEL
Just answers, Mr. Jensen. If these ugly artifacts are symptoms of a disease, what is the disease?

The Dean taps his wrist - time to wrap it up. Daniel continues with defiance. This is a performance.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Take a long view of history. What is the one constant we find? War.

Outside, a police cruiser zips by, siren wailing.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
The basic fact of animal humanity is that it takes 3 days to steal what we need, and a week to kill for it. Peace, society... flaccid luxuries held in place by men with guns. Are we slaves to the rhythms of history, condemned to be ruled? THEY count on your quiet obedience, Ms. Hudson. Will they have it?

EMILY HUDSON
Hell no!

The Dean looks furious. He is joined by a campus security officer. A student throws a paper ball at Emily.

DANIEL
Alright guys, that's it for today. Next week we'll discuss your ideas on ideas, Mr. Jensen.

The Dean leads Daniel out of the room. John Wanyk sits in the back of the room, unnoticed.

INT. GNN NEWS STUDIO - DAY

Smooth-talking studio producer CHAD MERRICK approaches an earnest up-and-coming reporter, CHARLOTTE BANNISTER. She supervises a station editor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The screen shows several people on screen stop, look up into the sky with expressions of absolute awe, before falling sideways to the ground in synchronous motion.

EDITOR
What was this shot with, a cell phone?

CHARLOTTE
Just try to clean it up, will you? On my coverage go with more bust.

Chad sidles in next to her, slides an arm around her.

CHAD
Wish you'd talk to me like that.

Charlotte elbows him in the ribs.

CHARLOTTE
And pull up that interview with that doctor, what's his name...

Chad begins to lead her away.

CHAD
Hey, kid, relax. It'll play fine.

CHARLOTTE
God, I'm sorry, Chad - it's just once you get down there it's all Jesus this and that. Excited for their own dose of Kool-aid. You got me on the 9:15 block?

CHAD
You'll be on after Ruckman's segment with -

Station anchor LANCE RUCKMAN sticks his head in the booth, looking for Charlotte.

RUCKMAN
Merrick, are you STILL working that Jesus story? Drop it. The station's not carrying bio attack anymore. Leave that shit for TCT.

Charlotte throws her hands in the air.

CHAD
You got a block of filler in your pocket that we can air?

CONTINUED: (2)

RUCKMAN
Rerun the piece on the weapon resolution. Figure it out. Charlotte, I have something else for you.

Ruckman leads Charlotte out of the booth. In the background, workers noisily bolt in equipment that reads EAS - EMERGENCY ALERT SYSTEM. Chad sighs and looks at the editor.

On screen, Charlotte interviews the professor.

EDITOR
(imitating Ruckman)
This is Laaance Ruckman, Global News Network.

TV DOCTOR
Religious hype notwithstanding, there's no reason to think that official story is unreliable...

Chad chuckles and heads out past the EAS device.

INT. DEAN SANDERS' OFFICE - DAY

A portfolio slaps onto the desktop. A security officer takes an imposing stance behind Daniel, a German shepherd at his side. The coin is still busy in Daniel's hand.

DEAN SANDERS
Curriculum changes.

Daniel eyes the title: DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION. Outside the window, pro-Martin student demonstrations are ongoing.

DANIEL
Oh. I see.

DEAN SANDERS
You know, Dan, you might remember - we had this conversation before. That last kid, what was his name...

DANIEL
Wanyk.

DEAN SANDERS
What?

DANIEL
John Wanyk.

CONTINUED:

DEAN SANDERS
Yeah. Your golden boy is on every terrorist watch list in the country. How does that make me look?

The dog sniffs Dan's leg. He scratches its ears, earning a tail wag. The guard jerks the dog back to his side.

DEAN SANDERS (CONT'D)
Look, Dan. None of us have a choice here.

DANIEL
Everybody has a choice, Tom.

Daniel raises his eyebrows, smirking.

DEAN SANDERS
I won't let you turn my students into more trigger pullers! This is a place of learning, not a training camp for dissent. Want to test your job security? You want to see my stack of applications?

He leans over his desk dangerously.

DEAN SANDERS (CONT'D)
Your revolution rhetoric stops. Your tabloid research stops. I don't want any more murderers or terrorists. I want graduates.

He opens the packet and slaps a pen by the signature line. Daniel pockets his coin.

DANIEL
I can see you've thought about this a lot.

Daniel puts his hand on the packet, and slides it back over.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
The dragon says "thou shalt." But the spirit of the lion says, "I will."

Daniel stands to leave.

DEAN SANDERS
You haven't even read the changes!

CONTINUED: (2)

DANIEL
Have you?

The dogs wags his tail. Daniel bows, and leaves.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Kelly pauses with a grocery cart, comparing two shelved items. Too expensive - she sighs and goes with the cheaper item. She crosses the final item off her"B-day Dinner" list.

She pushes her cart past the pharmacy. She discreetly glances over pregnancy test kits.

She recognizes a young man in uniform at pharmacy pickup. He disengages from the clerk's handshake of dumb gratitude and makes his way to checkout. It's JOSH ROUNTREE, a sincere and astute soldier of 26 years.

Kelly pushes past affluent, vacant shoppers in fur, nursing frappuccinos around medical masks, and intercepts Josh.

KELLY
Off to fight the war?

Josh turns. Recognizes her. Smiles.

JOSH
Well the war's not till tomorrow; didn't you hear?

KELLY
(hugging him)
My hero. How've you been?

JOSH
Better. Kept the house at least.

They move to the checkout line.

KELLY
How's your dad handling involuntary retirement?

JOSH
(chuckles)
He's not.

Kelly eyes the medication. He conceals it.

KELLY
I never thought I'd see you back in uniform. Was it the draft?

CONTINUED:

JOSH
No, I... I came to them first.

KELLY
One of the only paying gigs in town.

They get into line at checkout. Tabloids scream DOMESTIC DEPLOYMENTS IN RESPONSE TO ATTACKS and CONGRESSMAN MARTIN ARRESTED FOR TERRORISM.

JOSH
(conspiratorially)
Is it true you're on the Martin case?

KELLY
Guilty.

JOSH
Watched the last election from Ghazni. Gotta tell you, ma'am - he had our support in Ranger Battalion. None of us were happy with the way things turned out. But things are... different in the Guard.

At the register, there's a sign: "STARTING JULY 2013, WE WILL ACCEPT ONLY RFID!" Josh puts his medicine on the conveyor and Kelly begins to load up behind him.

KELLY
Is it much like Iraq?

JOSH
District cleanup mostly. Traffic control points, cordon and search. Bodies just keep popping up. The guys started calling them Corpses Christi.
(uncomfortable beat)
I... I'm sorry, ma'am. I didn't mean to-

CASHIER
Good afternoon, sir. Cash, credit, or scan?

Josh offers the back of his left hand. The device flashes blue. Kelly takes note of this.

CONTINUED: (2)

JOSH
Mandatory for all military.
Fighting terrorism at home, right?

Kelly sees the medication. Pamabrom and Expel. Liver disease. Josh sees her looking, and drops his eyes as the cashier hands him a blue receipt.

JOSH (CONT'D)
No, man, that's alright. I'll catch you later, Mrs. Nikassi, ok? And listen - you give 'em hell. My buddies in Ranger Batt are rooting for you.

KELLY
Tell Ed I told him to hang in there. Attorney's orders.

Josh smiles, puts on a black beret and leaves the store. Outside, a woman adding coupons with child clinging to her leg drops a handful. Josh stoops to help her collect them.

CASHIER
(not as respectfully)
Cash, credit, scan?

Kelly begins to dig in her purse.

INT. UNIVERSITY CLASSROOM - DAY

Daniel puts things into a box - a photo of Daniel with Martin, and his manuscript - titled "The World Construct: An Alternative History."

EMILY HUDSON
You're giving up?

DANIEL
No. A little.

EMILY HUDSON
I think it's bullshit.

DANIEL
Yes. But there's a time and a place, Ms. Hudson.

Daniel brings the box to the wall next to the row of idols. A slot at the end is missing.

CONTINUED:

EMILY HUDSON
Well, here's my report. I might have found a lead on the last idol. Hey, if we have to work our project on the down low, then I want a full letter grade bump, not just half.

DANIEL
Deal. Leave it on my desk.

EMILY HUDSON
Alright. See ya, Professor Nick.

Emily leaves. Daniel looks at her paper: BLOOD DEITIES, and a crude sketch of a serpentine carving with orb eyes.

DANIEL
Johnny, we might have a winner.

He leaves the idols and throws Emily's paper into the box.

INT. NIKASSI KITCHEN - DAY

Daniel pushes open the door, carrying his box. Kelly is in clanking away in the kitchen, and doesn't hear him come in.

DANIEL
(whispers in her ear)
Hi, angel.

Kelly gasps and jumps. Slaps at him. He catches her hand deftly and kisses it.

KELLY
What's all this shit; did you get fired?

DANIEL
Working on it. Are you *cooking*?

KELLY
Hell yeah, look at me being all domestic for your birthday.

DANIEL
You sure that's a good idea?

She moves her head forward in a mock headbutt, then kisses him.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Sorriest headbutt ever. Use your legs more.

CONTINUED:

KELLY
Shut up. Here, taste. It's shrimp.

DANIEL
Mmm.

KELLY
You hate it. You're doing that jaw thing.

DANIEL
No I'm not.

Kelly flaps her hands and shoos him out of the kitchen.

KELLY
Go sit, sit. Two minutes.

Daniel retreats into the dining room, which is elegantly set. He thumbs a balloon hanging on his chair, smiling. He sits down, turns on the TV - The Twin Cities Tribune. COLIN MARTIN is on screen, about to enter prison, interviewing with Charlotte Bannister.

DANIEL
Hey Kells, any progress on Dr. Martin? Or is Davis pushing for the NDAA clause?

COLIN MARTIN
(on TV)
-there are a hundred commercial uses for drones, but no, we put them up to spy on each other and drop bombs.

KELLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
That slimy creature of a prosecutor calls it terrorism, and then it's like he's not an American citizen anymore, he's an enemy combatant.

COLIN MARTIN
The innovative spirit our forefathers has been ruined by federal tyrants. I just hope that this nation has a wakeful return-

Daniel half mutes the TV so she can't hear. Leans in.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Wait, what are you doing?

COLIN MARTIN
-because we have very little time to manufacture and create things again and bring our country back to the greatness that it was, before it becomes another third world country.

Kelly bustles in with her splattered apron. Daniel fumbles the remote but she intercepts it, and turns the TV up.

CONTINUED: (2)

COLIN MARTIN
-Today is my turn, but I'll probably be seeing you all in here with me soon enough.

Martin turns sadly to enter prison.

CHARLOTTE
(on screen)
And that'll depend largely on Dr. Martin's defense attorney Kelly Nikassi, who has been described as-

Kelly scowls and shuts the TV off.

KELLY
Smug bitch.

DANIEL
It's hard to win when you're the only one playing by the rules.

KELLY
Your noisy students are the only reason he's getting a trial at all. I love you, Danny.

He smiles. Suddenly there is a strong odor - smoke hisses from the kitchen. Kelly drops her head into his shoulder.

KELLY (CONT'D)
God damn it.

INT. BLUE STAGE BAR - NIGHT

A plate of shrimp tails is taken away from the table as a small dessert with a candle is set in front of Daniel. A drizzled topping spells out "Happy 44th." A knife sits on the plate. Daniel makes no move to grab it.

CHAD
To my very good friend Dan the Man Nikassi - sail on, and live by thy convictions, yielding not to those who would compromise thy moral vision - for while today we have the confidence and strength of youth, tomorrow we are at the mercy of the world we have created. Happy birthday, Dan.

They toast, Daniel smirking. Kelly drains her beer.

CONTINUED:

DANIEL
I'm the one cresting the hill here, Kells.

CHAD
The trial's Wednesday. Let her chill.

Kelly slams the beer mug down, burping.

KELLY
Not that your station would cover it if we won.

DANIEL
The revolution will not be televised.

CHAD
You don't know the half of it. They installed the EAS box in the station this morning.

Daniel translates for Kelly.

DANIEL
Emergency Alert System.

CHAD
...thing broadcasts to every phone and TV whenever the feds want it turned on. God, Ruckman was just *crowing* when we got the contract over TCT, and now he's got me flying Charlotte out for some fluff piece in DC while people here are dropping dead in the streets. Can you imagine what would happen if media told the truth?

Chad snatches the plate and knife. Daniel seems to relax. Chad takes a big bite of cake.

DANIEL
I don't know what you see in her.

CHAD
I dunno, man. There's goodness in everybody.
(takes another bite)
44, Danny, wow. When are you two finally gonna have kids?

CONTINUED: (2)

KELLY
Oh, we-

DANIEL
History is full of assholes, all of who were kids once.

CHAD
C'mon, kids are easy.

DANIEL
Said the career bachelor.

Chad watches the band leave the stage on break. Charlotte appears behind him. Kelly slams the last of her drink, glares.

CHARLOTTE
Chad, what are you doing? Our flight-

CHAD
Oh, hey Charlotte! Dan's birthday, one second-

Chad rushes to the stage, grinning. The band at the bar reacts as he slides behind the piano. He waves them over.

DANIEL
Oh no.

Chad downs a drink he found on top of the piano, grimaces comically. Light laughter and applause.

CHAD
The women didn't laugh so much when we were younger, did they Danny? This is for you.

Charlotte is left standing awkwardly at the table, meeting Kelly's glare. Chad plays piano, singing the "Danny Boy" ballad. The band eventually joins him.

KELLY
So Ms. Bannister, you do any acting outside of work?

Charlotte checks her phone.

CHARLOTTE
Excuse me.

CONTINUED: (3)

Kelly smirks as she leaves. Turns to Daniel for a reaction. She whooshes her hand over her head.

Daniel sighs. Kelly scrutinizes, guessing what's wrong.

KELLY
What, again? Sanders?

DANIEL
His threats were a lot... bigger this time.

KELLY
That toady little chud.

DANIEL
They could fire me, Kells. I'm running on fumes.

Kelly takes his hands as Chad croons away.

KELLY
Hey. They don't own your soul.

Daniel smiles as Chad sings. He's not bad. From the bar, Charlotte watches him play with a smile - there was never anyone on the phone. But the view of Chad is better here.

INT. NIKASSI BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's 3am. Kelly is snuggled into Daniel's back affectionately, but Daniel is wide awake.

He pries himself loose and pads down the hallway to the kitchen, passing his birthday decorations. He stubs his foot on the box from his office.

DANIEL
Fuck.

He bends down to move it. Behind him, a woman with black hair is crouched in an animalistic attack posture.

He happens to grab Emily's report in the dark. Squints at it.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Why not.

He walks away. The woman in the hallway has disappeared.

INT. DANIEL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Papers, maps, diagrams spread out on a desk. Nearby, there's an empty handgun case, shooting trophies, an old army photo, and his Martin photo. He looks over Emily's report, drinking water. A birthday balloon hovers over his chair.

He cross references his notes with Emily's. Her sketch of the serpentine idol matches one in his books, only there it is splashed with blood. In his notes: BLOODLINE OF SOLOMON family tree to NIKASSI.

Daniel taps with his pen, looking between Nikassi and the drawing. Writes with his right hand: "Why *blood*?"

Suddenly there is a jolting BUMP from beneath him. It shakes the table, bouncing the glass. Some water drips off the table and onto the floor. His birthday balloon pops.

He looks down - the floor is gone. It's a transparent wall to an infinite dark ocean. Dark shapes circle below.

Suddenly, one rises, demonic mouth agape. The thing powers toward him and SLAMS into the invisible floor between them.

INT. NIKASSI BEDROOM - DAY

Daniel jerks awake. He reaches for Kelly, but he is alone.

EXT. WOOD TRAIL - DAY

Daniel is out for his morning jog, his breath fogging the air. He passes a young woman jogging with a dog and smiles at them. Continuing on, he ducks into a thickly forested park trail.

Remembering the uncomfortable feeling of pursuit from his last run, he turns to look behind him. Nothing.

Bending over to catch his breath, his eyes fall onto an old rusty pipe leading into the ground.

INT. NIKASSI APARTMENT - DAY

Daniel tries to fix his tie while listening to a message.

KELLY
(phone message)
G'morning pinhead - trial starts at 9 tomorrow, so I'll be at the office all night. The usual gig.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

KELLY (CONT'D)
And hey, a little weird, but I found your notes in my briefcase this morning. Couple new scribbles - What's Caput Draconis? New title? Anyway, watch out for Sanders today, he's probably PMSing. Wish me luck, and see you tomorrow night!

Daniel frowns. He can't get the tie right without Kelly's help. Frustrated, he pulls it off.

INT. SAM LEVI'S CAR - DAY

It is sleeting - a wet, cold, ugly day. Daniel and Sam wait in their car in a long line for gas. Police in reflective coats control traffic. A sign reads 7 GALLONS PER CUSTOMER. Sam reads the price per gallon.

SAM
Never let a good crisis go to waste.

CAR RADIO 1
...the official story that a right-wing extremist bio-weapon attack...

Sam changes the station, cutting in and out of pop music.

CAR RADIO 2
...if it was really the Rapture, where's the trumpet? Gabriel's trumpet? Why are all the bodies still here? Where's doomsday?

Sam snaps the radio off. Daniel thumbs his coin. A military convoy rumbles past, escorting a biohazard truck.

SAM
Christ. Good time to be Jewish, right?

DANIEL
L'chaim.

After a glance, they pop the batteries out of their cell phones. Quick glance out the window for cameras.

SAM
Mialzcarak's Constitution Resolution is gonna pass in the UN tomorrow. The bugout plan is still on, if you and Kelly -

CONTINUED:

DANIEL
Can't preserve life and liberty hiding in the woods, Sam. The Constitution -

SAM
The Constitution won't stop a 5.56. You heard them - white guys and veterans. We're on every list.

DANIEL
Legislation doesn't change innocence.

SAM
Not after tomorrow.

A loud horn heralds the arrival of another convoy of trucks. The officer halts Sam and lets the convoy in first to fuel.

SAM (CONT'D)
Think about Kelly.

DANIEL
I am.

Sam sighs. Next to the fuel price on the sign is etched a graffiti message- SEE YOU SOON.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY

The student demonstrations are ongoing in front of the large pillared administration building. Their numbers are split evenly between pro-liberty and pro-socialist. There are a few lines of police security with riot gear holding casual positions in front of the admin building.

Daniel moves through the crowd, on his cell phone.

GRANT (V.O.)
This is head librarian Grant Kowtow. Campus library hours are -

Daniel's undesirable socialist colleague ALAN PROFT disengages from his students, smirking, and joins Daniel in step. Alan snickers at Daniel's army-style backpack.

ALAN
Is there a war going on that I missed?

Daniel sighs and hangs up the phone.

CONTINUED:

DANIEL
When you have other people fight for you, you miss ALL the wars.

They walk through these crowds like the commanding officers of enemy armies. Emily appears, yelling through a megaphone.

EMILY HUDSON
Professor Proft, when are you going to give Colin Martin his right to trial, pack up your cronies, and leave?

He takes the megaphone, ready to inspire his students.

ALAN
Since Marx said the meaning of peace is the absence of opposition to socialism-

DANIEL
(snatching megaphone)
And Lenin said "when there is state there can be no freedom, but when there is freedom there will be no state."

STUDENT
Take us to war, professor!

The Liberty side cheers. Daniel, on the steps, turns to bow theatrically. Alan rolls his eyes and stomps inside.

INT. UNIVERSITY CLASSROOM - DAY

Daniel is in his classroom, listening to his cell message from Kelly again as students file out, his coin busy in his left hand. Sleet ices the windows over.

He rocks in his chair, musing, and dials a number on his office phone. Emily Hudson offers a knowing thumbs-up on her way out.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

GRANT KOWTOW, a small, soft man, sits at a librarian's desk.

GRANT
(answers phone)
Campus library.

INTERCUT CLASSROOM/LIBRARY.

CONTINUED:

DANIEL
Caput Draconis.

GRANT
(sighs)
God, you again?

DANIEL
One of the Grimoire books used for astrology, horoscope, demonic interface. Ancient spellbook.

Daniel scrolls through images on his office computer. Occult rituals, priests beneath a giant stone owl holding a book, and the idol carving.

GRANT
Ok. Did you have a question?

DANIEL
A lot of guys at the top are into this occult stuff. John Dee, Rasputin. So if it still exists, who'd have it?

GRANT
Jesus. I don't know, Dan. I mostly read, you know, textbooks.

More images on the computer. The occult priests holds a knife aloft. Daniel's hand goes to his head - he is suddenly angry.

GRANT (CONT'D)
(impatient, sniffling)
What is it?

DANIEL
Nothing.

GRANT
Yeah, well, Dan - love your theories, but I got a ton of work today.

DANIEL
All that knowledge, and you never want to learn anything.

GRANT
You're the one with the idols. Why don't you look up -
(coughs suddenly, wipes)
-and ask them.

CONTINUED: (2)

Daniel turns, and is surprised to see the empty slot has been filled, by the idol he has been seeking his whole career.

DANIEL
Huh.

GRANT
Yeah, ok. Come and use the library if you need to. Later, Dan.

Daniel hangs up the phone. He stands up, leaves his coin on the desk, and approaches the wall. He stares at the statue. Cautiously, he picks it up off the shelf.

It is small, fierce, and ugly - a twisted serpent with one eye made of a translucent glassy material. He turns it over.

On the bottom, in small letters: "ASTRA TJPET AAYTK 1730."

DANIEL
Astra.

Realizing what it is, he scribbles in his planner. He lines up the alphabet with the code word. It spells out POLIC EEXPO 1730. Daniel checks his watch - 5pm.

He grabs his coat and heads for the door.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - DAY

Burly SWAT officer Tyrel Goldman smashes in a church basement door. In the hallway behind him stand more masked police, Fire department, and SWAT.

Tyrel steps in, weapon light flashing. The room is full of bodies - young children and a few adult females.

TYREL
Fucking Christians.

Behind him, a HAZMAT team prepares to move in. LT GOMEZ, an angry-looking hispanic cop, turns away, covering his mouth.

EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT - DAY

The police vehicles carrying Tyrel and his team, Gomez, and several other officers leave the church. Josh, on perimeter cordon in army MOPP suit, motions for his humvee to clear the entrance. The sign out front still reads "AWAKEN."

The lead vehicle pulls up next to him.

CONTINUED:

Erik hands him vendor credentials - his picture, labeled JACK HEWITT, ACS TECH.

ERIK (CONT'D)
I think Booth 33 is what you're looking for.

Erik narrows his eyes, as if he doesn't trust Daniel. He turns and leaves.

Daniel moves through the crowd past law enforcement equipment - riot gear, surveillance vehicles, tanks, robotic ground drone demonstrations. A small crowd gathers around Booth 33, where voice with an Israeli accent delivers a presentation.

JOHN
...to render any equipped vehicle invisible to thermal imaging, targeting systems or missile seekers. Watch.

He parts the crowd and sees John, clean shaven and well dressed as the stealth technology vendor. He speaks confidently to the crowd of law enforcement.

Christian, his assistant, activates a FLIR thermal camera, pointed at a large law enforcement vehicle. A video display shows the van clearly, and then John flicks a switch. On the display, it becomes a rippling mirage.

JOHN (CONT'D)
This vehicle is projecting an artificial textured simulation of its own background, making it invisible to TI technology.

Christian begins taking questions from the crowd as John steps down, moving directly to Daniel.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(dropping the accent)
Howdy, professor.

INT. COLISEUM LOADING BAY - DAY

Daniel holds the idol. John and Christian load pelican cases into the back of the stealth truck.

JOHN
So is it answering any of your questions?

CONTINUED:

DANIEL
How'd you get it into my office?

JOHN
I paid the janitor.

DANIEL
From a man of your reputation, I expected more... theatrics.

Christian hefts a box, moving Daniel out of the way.

CHRISTIAN
Very American of you. Excuse me.

DANIEL
Where in the hell did you find it?

JOHN
It's like you always said, professor - fear has a thousand faces, but it's the hands you got to watch.

DANIEL
I can't believe you used a Sharpie on it.

JOHN
What that thing deserves is another 5,000 years of dust and darkness, but we need it.

DANIEL
Sounds like what you really need is a book. A red one.

John stops what he's doing.

JOHN
You know about the book?

DANIEL
The dreams are back.

JOHN
Since when? The shift?

DANIEL
Shift?

Daniel raises his eyebrows. John makes a motion with his hands - globe hemispheres rotating in opposite directions.

CONTINUED: (2)

DANIEL (CONT'D)
I don't think so. I must have read it somewhere.

JOHN
(shakes head)
You should really spend more time looking up, Dan.

Jake and Max come in wearing vendor uniforms. Jake jumps in the driver seat while Max jumps in the back door, joined by Christian and John. Max opens a case, reveal some sophisticated electronic equipment.

DANIEL
What are you doing?

JOHN
Same thing as the bad guys. Hiding in the open.

Max flips one switch on the box. Outside, cameras fizzle out. Daniel stands there.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Coming?

Daniel gets in as the garage door opens. The truck moves out into the sleet. Jake waves to gate security on the way out.

INT. STEALTH TRUCK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The van continues down the street, cameras dying around it. Outside, they pass a crowded shopping district.

JOHN
Used to the noose, they obey.

DANIEL
Orwell?

JOHN
Mars Volta. Dan, something big is happening. If you somehow know about Caput Draconis, then you know what I'm talking about.

DANIEL
How do you know?

CONTINUED:

CHRISTIAN
Why do you think the expo was at the Coliseum and not the convention center? And why now?

JOHN
(indicates idol)
We aren't the only ones looking for this. Even if you don't believe it's real, THEY do.

DANIEL
We have enough enemies without being afraid of the dark too.

JOHN
I wish that were true.

They pull into an auto garage. The sign reads CLOSED.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I need you, pal. Can I count on you?

DANIEL
The worst they can do is kill me.

John raises his eyebrows - *is that what you think?*

They get out of the van. Christian, Jake, and Max take the cases of stolen gear and lower it into the maintenance pits. Christian and his mechanics immediately start stripping identifiable features off the vehicle and ready a fresh paint batch.

Two men, SKAN and NAGI, and one woman, WINONA, weld steel plates to a red car's interior panels. They are young full-blooded Lakota, strong, sharp, and capable.

JOHN
There isn't much time left. Be ready.

John goes over to Winona, who smiles warmly at him. They touch foreheads for moment.

Christian hands Daniel a prepaid phone. Written on it is another numerical block-letter code.

CHRISTIAN
Direct line to our receiver unit. You call us, and we'll find you.

INT. FAMILY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Josh Rountree, still in uniform, makes his way into a restaurant, looking for someone. He is holding an old hat.

He moves into the restaurant interior. ED ROUNTREE, his father, is an old man who moves slowly. He pathetically cleans dishes off tables. Two fashionably-dressed teens snicker loudly on their way past him.

Josh watches his father sadly, still holding the hat, which reads VIETNAM VETERAN. The pharmacy bag is in his other hand.

INT. CAMPUS FACULTY LOUNGE - EVENING

Daniel flips channels. His army bag rests next to him.

TCT ANCHOR
...threats of war from the Eastern Coalition...

SENATOR ULRIDGE
...$2,000 reward for any information that leads to the arrest of any remaining gun owners...

TCT ANCHOR
...suspect John Wanyk, former Navy SEAL turned domestic terrorist-

Daniel leans in, listening.

TCT ANCHOR (CONT'D)
-was last seen 2005's during Hurricane Katrina, where he reportedly murdered 25 rescue workers -

Someone comes into the lounge. Daniel flips the channel.

RUCKMAN
...continue to enjoy this great skiing weather. Have a great night, Minneapolis.

He flips the TV off. He turns around - it's Grant. He grabs his coat to leave.

He passes Grant, who plays a game on his phone, wiping his nose and sniffling.

CONTINUED:

GRANT
Learning anything?

Daniel looks at him sideways on his way out.

EXT. CAMPUS STREET - DUSK

Daniel walks through the snow, passing shoppers in warm restaurants and homeless people outside.

He calls Kelly and gets the machine. He calls Chad - same thing. He snaps his phone shut in frustration and looks briefly at the sun sinking behind the buildings.

INT. BLUE STAGE BAR - NIGHT

Daniel sits at a classy bar with a glass of water. A group of men at the end of the bar cheers at a football game on TV. The bartender, a gorgeous woman with black hair in a blue cocktail dress slides over to him.

WOMAN
Just water tonight?

DANIEL
...have we met before?

WOMAN
I've always been here.

DANIEL
Then give me the usual.

The woman smiles, then goes to mix a drink as Daniel turns to observe the men at the bar, who are hooting at the game.

Littered at tables are people in business suits, faces glowing from iPhones. Long black nails slide up Daniel's arm. His drink, blood red, is ready.

WOMAN
Your friends are almost here. Would you like to wait in the VIP lounge?

Daniel follows her finger. A closed door at the end of the bar glows with a cold blue light. The fans cheer at a touchdown. Suddenly Daniel is very uncomfortable.

Daniel turns back to the bartender - her eyes are black. Shapes of things with round orb eyes intimately wrap each person in the bar, but blocked by an invisible barrier. The people do not see them.

CONTINUED:

Daniel's hand goes to his head. What is going on?

The football fans cheer, but it's no longer the game on TV - it is a flowering mushroom cloud. Suddenly a door closes between him and the woman. Daniel is in the dark room.

Daniel turns from the door to face the room, now afraid and what is waiting in the dark.

INSERT SHOT: A dossier is carried by a well-dressed entourage toward the door of the Oval Office. A wrinkly hand is raised to knock.

Three loud knocks on the door.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
(whisper through the door)
Your friends are arriving.

Her voice sounds as if it's speaking backwards.

INT. NIKASSI APARTMENT - NIGHT - DANIEL'S STUDY

Daniel jerks awake in his office chair. The orb-eyed dragon statue is resting on his chest.

DANIEL
You ugly bitch.

Daniel puts the carving into his backpack. His office clock reads 5am. Sudden there is a real knock on the door. He immediately reaches for his pistol in its case - but remembers it's gone. A shooter trophy rests in its place.

Still shaking off the dream, holding his head - Daniel creeps to the door.

After checking the peephole and seeing nothing, he cracks it open. Suddenly the head of Dizzy the Dinosaur appears in the crack! Daniel shouts in surprise.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
(clutching chest)
Oh my God.

It's Ashley from across the hall.

ASHLEY
Mr. Nicksy? Helloooo!

DANIEL
Hi sweetie. You shouldn't frighten people like that.

CONTINUED:

ASHLEY
It wasn't me. It was Dizzy. He's hungry!

DANIEL
Well, you tell Dizzy that he should stick to fruits and vegetables. No people.

ASHLEY
No people, Dizzy. Hey, come on. Daddy wants to see you.

Ashley seizes Daniel's hand and pulls him out. She leads him down the hall instead of to her apartment.

DANIEL
Don't you live over there, sweety?

ASHLEY
Nope.

Daniel, confused, allows her to lead him to the parking lot.

EXT. APARTMENT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The LEVI family - Max and Laura - are loading their car.

ASHLEY
I brung Mr. Nicksy, Daddy.

SAM
Thank you, sweetheart. Hop in.

ASHLEY
When we get there, can we find some berries for Dizzy? And salad?

LAURA
Just like last summer, sweetie.

ASHLEY
(to Daniel)
Last summer, there was a bee? He almost got me!

Ashley growls like a dinosaur and climbs into the back seat.

DANIEL
You seem sure.

CONTINUED:

SAM
A bunch of my radio hosts and bloggers are going missing. Bam, bam, bam. Looks like Breitbart's syndrome. Or a Job Price suicide. Or whatever the fuck.

DANIEL
How far can you think you're going to get, Sam?

SAM
Just far enough to outrun the rest of you.

Sam throws a final bag into the trunk. He points at the city skyline, where the sun is rising.

SAM (CONT'D)
There are 3 million people in that city with a 3-day food supply. When those supplies are gone, there'll be a mass exodus, like animals going home to die. They'll be coming through here. You're staying?

Daniel nods. Sam gets in his car. Ashley makes chomping motions at Daniel through the window with Dizzy the Dinosaur.

SAM (CONT'D)
You know where we are.

They drive off. Daniel stands alone in the parking lot. He looks at a strange black van across the street before moving swiftly inside.

INT. DARK OFFICE - MORNING

Hands straightening a tie in the mirror. In the doorway behind, a shadow appears.

VOICE
Let's get started.

The shadow disappears.

INT. NIKASSI APARTMENT - DAWN - DANIEL'S STUDY

Daniel is on his phone while loading his backpack. The TV is on - he's waiting for any news. A roll of silver coins goes inside the bag, along with dried food, cash, and socks.

CONTINUED:

KELLY'S MESSAGE
This is Kelly's phone! Leave me a good one, and maybe I'll ring you back.

Daniel frowns and throws the phone into the bag.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Kelly, briefcase in hand, marches the courthouse steps. She pauses to take a breath and slick her hair back before the media assaults her.

Across the street, next to the Twin Cities Tribune building, an ice rink in a public park begins its day. Children shout and chase each other across the ice. Kelly smiles.

INT. NIKASSI APARTMENT - DAWN - DANIEL'S STUDY

Daniel is still packing when a phone in his bag begins to buzz. Thinking it's Kelly, he digs it out and hits SEND.

DANIEL
Kelly, I-

The phone isn't on. The buzzing continues in his bag. He digs deeper and pulls out the prepaid phone from Christian.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Kelly is waiting in court. Neither her client or the judge have arrived and the prosecution is waiting to begin. Prosecuting attorney DAVIS rolls his eyes.

KELLY
(hissing to DAVIS)
Where is he?

Davis shrugs. Finally the BAILIFF and JUDGE come in.

BAILIFF
All rise. Superior Court of the State of Minnesota, County of Hennepin, the Honorable Judge Wilson...

INT. NIKASSI APARTMENT - DAY - DANIEL'S STUDY

Daniel, with trepidation, hits "SEND" on the phone, and brings it to his ear.

CONTINUED:

VOICE ON PHONE
Professor - you've been compromised. Don't look back.

The line goes dead.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

JUDGE
Under recent circumstantial changes in the charges brought against defendant Colin Martin via Military Tribunal, this case has been dismissed to lack of jurisdiction.

He bangs the gavel and the stunned court begins to buzz. Kelly storms over to the prosecution table.

DAVIS
He was in County last night, and they wouldn't have moved him without telling at least one of us.

KELLY
What do you mean, "moved him?"

Kelly storms to the lecturn as the Judge is leaving.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Your honor, where is my client being moved?

JUDGE
Counselor, that is not what I said. The defendant's circumstances were left undisclosed. It's a military issue now.

KELLY
Under whose authority?

The Judge stops and looks at her. The courtroom is watching. Kelly pushes past the lecturn and storms the bench. The bailiff immediately grabs her.

KELLY (CONT'D)
(loud)
Where the FUCK is my client?

The judge looks at the bailiff and nods. She is brought to him. The judge eyes the room. He sighs, scribbles a note, then leans in over her.

CONTINUED:

JUDGE
Counsel, you had best watch your step. There are holes now that you do not want to fall into.

He hands her the note and turns away. The Bailiff begins to pull on Kelly. She disengages with a fast JKD move, and burns to the exit, unfolding the note: "TRIBUNAL U of M JULY 5."

EXT. APARTMENT PARKING LOT - DAY

Tyrel Goldman walks out of Daniel's apartment, shaking his head. Some residents are being held at bay by officers as the parking lot swarms with police and SWAT activity.

Waiting for Tyrel's report, and wearing black combat gear without insignia, is a dark, intense man - DRAGAN.

TYREL
Negative contact. Our thermals were reading a hot shower he left on before bailing out the back. Both apartments are empty.

Dragan turns to look at his LT, GARRETT, who rolls his eyes.

TYREL (CONT'D)
So you guys DHS?

DRAGAN
What?

TYREL
Who are you guys with?

DRAGAN
That'll be all, sergeant.
(to Garrett)
Scramble air.

Dragan signals his team with a subtle nod, some get into the SUVs to search the area. Garrett pulls a pelican case from the truck and opens it, revealing a small drone aircraft.

INT. MALL OF AMERICA - DAY

Daniel removes the batteries from his cell phones, as he moves through the crowded mall food court, hiding his face and avoiding cameras. He breathes easier.

CONTINUED:

He sees all kinds of people - teens dressed in the latest fashions speaking in pop culture slang, mothers pushing babies, and the elderly. Everyone ignores each other. Daniel feels safe in this anonymity.

A huge overhead TV screen showing mall ads suddenly cuts out and is replaced with a buzzing tone. All the TVs and cell phones in the mall blink on with the same message. The crowds stop and watch, baffled.

EAS MESSAGE
This message is being transmitted by order of the Department of Homeland Security. A terror suspect who is wanted for bomb threats was last seen entering the Mall of America.

As the message rolls, pictures and video are shown, including Daniel's meeting with John the day before. He begins to back away, his world closing fast. His picture is shown.

People begin to recognize him, eyes wide. Cell phones come out. As Daniel ducks and moves, a sudden loudspeaker announcement blasts throughout the mall.

PA SYSTEM
This is DHS. Remain calm and do not move. This area is subject to police action. Please stand by and wait for further-

Daniel pushes through the crowd to escape the mall. As he looks around, he sees that black-clad agents and mall security are already vectoring close to him.

He barely has time to decide to duck around a corner before he is confronted by two burly agents. They approach him quickly and directly.

DANIEL
(holding up hands)
Alright, guys -

He is zapped by a cattle prod and grabbed. The shoppers do nothing to help him - out come the camera phones and iPads.

SHOPPER
Woah! Cool!

INT. BLACK VAN - CONTINUOUS

Dan is forced onto his face inside the van. His hands are ziptied together, then again to the floor. Rough hands frisk his body.

DRAGAN
(into radio)
VIP secured. Greenlight direct action. We are inbound now.
(to Daniel)
You must have so many questions!

Daniel's bag is being ransacked. He hears the clacking of a spray paint can and hears it spray a wide stripe across the back of his jacket.

AGENT 1
Loose cash, metals, some socks. Two phones.

DRAGAN
I know you're a talker, Danny, but two phones?

DANIEL
(muffled)
I want my lawyer.

They all laugh. Someone rests their boots on his back.

DRAGAN
Speaking of which, where is she, Dan? Just kidding. We know where she is.

DANIEL
Don't you fucking -

DRAGAN
Hey, you want some of these fries? Last chance. Pretty soon this country's only export will be mercenaries.

DANIEL
Where are you taking me?

DRAGAN
Do you like football, Dan?

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - DAY

Grant sits sniffling at his desk in the quiet library. He taps his mouse. Harder. Something is wrong.

STUDENT 1
Mr. Kowtow, what's the wifi password?

The windows rattle with strange vibrations. Students peek their heads up in curiosity.

Grant goes to the window and looks down. Tanks and trucks are filing down the street.

STUDENT 2
Must be another training exercise.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Kelly steps outside the courthouse, pushing through the media, turning on her phone. It chirps the EAS tone in her ear and continues the transmission. She listens, transfixed.

EAS MESSAGE
This is an emergency broadcast for Hennepin County. Communications in this area have been suspended. This is...

Kelly tries to end the message to use her phone, but its functions are locked by the broadcast.

There is a sudden massive explosion across the street at the Twin Cities Tribune building, enveloping the ice rink. Kelly is knocked to the ground as all the windows in a half mile radius shatter.

Kelly pushes up on her elbows, crawling through glass. A child's snow boot lies below her, smoldering.

EXT. AIRPLANE TARMAC

The President gets up from a Muslim prayer, surrounded by flashing lights of his entourage. Boards Air Force One.

INT. BLACK VAN - EVENING - LATER

The van squeaks to a halt. Engines and sirens audible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE ON RADIO
Fuck. Boss, gate security is stopping us. We'll have to get out here and move in on foot.

GARRETT
(into radio)
Check. Moving VIP now.

Daniel's hands are unshackled from the van floor.

DRAGAN
Before you get froggy, I want you to consider how much you'd weigh without arms or legs.

Daniel is pushed out of the van. He's hit with floodlights - it's the Coliseum parking lot, but now it looks like a command post. Police and National Guard zoom everywhere. The rest of the city is dark. The Coliseum gate looms like a dark mouth beyond the gate guards, who bar entrance.

Several men in army uniforms approach them, shouting over the noise. The officer, a pointed man with piercing eyes, comes into the light. His nametag reads SEVERSON.

SEVERSON
Who are you guys? This is a closed site.

His PSD escorts are sizing up the well-equipped black-clad mercenaries. Severson shines a flashlight on Dragan, then at Daniel. Dragan glares menacingly. Daniel notices a flashbang grenade dangling off of his gear.

SEVERSON (CONT'D)
Open that gate, private.

Acting quickly on impulse, he pulls the pin on the grenade and delivers a hard kick into Garrett's kneecap. Daniel drops to the ground before the grenade goes off with a loud crack and blinding flash.

Three figures burst into the group, strobing flashlights in his captor's faces. There are loud diversionary explosions. Daniel is scooped off his feet and carried away.

They move between army trucks, becoming one with the chaos.

As Daniel regains his sight, he is pulled through a pre-cut section of fence that is peeled away by Skan and Nagi. Everyone wears inconspicuous face-ID scrambler glasses.

CONTINUED: (2)

John laughs, wiping his face.

JOHN
Whoo! Damn Danny, that was "operator" as fuck. Well done.

Skan checks his hand for RFID. Sees the red stripe.

SKAN
He's been painted.

JOHN
Cover it. Let's vanish.

Skan throws his own coat over him. Follows up with a hat.

DANIEL
John, how did you -

NAGI
(watching their rear)
Move. Now.

They move through the fence, and it whips closed behind them. They move quickly around some buildings, through the shadows.

John signals for a halt. They wait quietly for a moment. Skan has been supporting Daniel. Daniel shakes him off.

DANIEL
John - Kelly is only a few blocks from here. We need to -

JOHN
We're going there now, Dan.

John turns on night vision monocular, and sees the stealth van across the street. Looks up to the light pole cameras.

They cross the street quickly, and are met by Erik and Max. Erik has disabled the surveillance poles.

They move off again. Silently, Jake emerges from a shadow and takes up the rear.

They are approaching the river. Erik is leading, discreetly carrying a shotgun. He and Max, also armed, form a competent point security team.

Approaching the final road before the river, he indicates for them to be quiet. A short line of riot police hustle by on the sidewalk a few feet away, radios squawking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

John slowly brings out a tomahawk and drops it into a fighting grip. Erik, without turning, jabs a thumb under his armpit, indicating where their armor is weak.

The guards move on and the tension passes. John stows the weapon.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Are we clear?

ERIK
They hit the TCT building. It's not good.

DANIEL
That's across from the courthouse.

Erik looks at him. Frowns. Back to John.

ERIK
You'll never make it above board - the city is being locked down. Your pickup is waiting 500 yards past the bridge down Central Ave.

JOHN
Got it.

ERIK
See you after the fireworks, buddy.

Erik and Max move into rear security positions. Skan, Nagi, and John begin stripping down.

DANIEL
Wait, what does that mean?

JOHN
Hey. Listen to me. We will get her. We will. But right now we have to move.

Daniel thinks quickly while they move down to the river.

EXT. CENTRAL AVE BRIDGE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

John, Daniel, and the two Lakotas are up to their chins in the near-freezing water as they move from pylon to pylon underneath the bridge, trying to hold their bundles of clothing above their heads.

Above them, the bridge is packed with gridlocked civilian, National Guard, and emergency vehicles.

CONTINUED:

NAGI
Don't let go.

Daniel, teeth chattering uncontrollably, looks fifty meters down river and sees the water dropping away over the St. Anthony falls. Even John looks terrified of the water.

INT. BLACK SUV - NIGHT

Dragan and crew zoom down a city street. He fingers a suppressed rifle. Garrett works a laptop in the back seat, observing a drone feed. A screen pops up, showing Daniel's face next to three other faces that blur unnaturally.

GARRETT
Facial match on Nikassi, moving with three unknowns, this side of Central Avenue!

DRAGAN
They're taking the bridge. Punch it.

The SUV surges ahead, but is blocked directly by National Guard humvees and civilian gridlock. The SUV stops.

DRIVER
Shit.

DRAGAN
Find a route and move slowly parallel to the river! Steady!

Dragan gets out with the rifle, and jumps to the vehicles roof and lowers into a firing position.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Winona waits behind the wheel of the red car. Out of the shadows, Skan, and Nagi emerge, bringing Daniel with them. Skirting the solitary sodium vapor light, they approach the vehicle.

Winona opens the car door to yield the driver's seat, looking for John. He emerges last, and eyes go wide as Winona steps out.

JOHN
No!

Suddenly a sonic crack rips past them in a fast spray of glass. Winona drops, and the bullet nearly misses John.

CONTINUED:

NAGI
Get in and go!

More bullets slam the car and ground around them as they struggle to get inside. John looks fiercely toward the source of fire as he pulls Winona off the ground in one motion, protecting her with his body.

Daniel gets into the front passenger side while Nagi takes the wheel. John pulls Winona into the back seat.

Nagi accelerates rapidly, and they pull into the street.

SKAN
Slow, kola. Match traffic.

In the back seat, John is holding the folded body of Winona, who is raggedly breathing her last. Skan passes him QuikClot and a pressure bandage, but John knows it won't help

He mutters a Lakota prayer over her. She nods softly.

JOHN
Go.

John drops his forehead to hers. Skan clenches his teeth.

NAGI
(to Daniel)
Put pressure on it.

Daniel, shivering and panting, realizes he is bleeding heavily from two leg wounds - he's been shot. Nagi passes him the QuikClot, but Daniel loses consciousness and falls against the car window.

INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

Kelly rides in the back seat, riding with two old ladies, SYBILL and DELPHINE. They cruise through ominously still suburban streets. Kelly is crammed between boxes in the back.

SYBILL
Sorry about the accommodations!

DELPHINE
Oh, she's fine. Aren't you, dear?

The women laugh. Kelly can barely hear.

KELLY
Are we almost out of the city?

CONTINUED:

SYBILL
Will be soon. We'll make it before the borders swallow us. We've had a place in Bemidji since... when was it, '62?

DELPHINE
'60.

SYBILL
(laughs lightheartedly)
Oh, that's right. It was the year George took that 18-pointer over the river.

DELPHINE
It was 10, you old fool. Can't you remember?

Kelly checks her phone. Broken. She's doing her best to keep it together, but she still has blood and dust on her face.

KELLY
Excuse me, do either of you have a working phone?

They laugh mightily. Kelly notices they do not have RFID.

DELPHINE
People gonna get what they pay for with those things, let me tell you. By the end they won't remember a time when they were thinking for themselves, and there won't be enough alive to bury the dead.

Outside, a little girl walks her bike home alone. Police cruisers with lights blazing zip past her.

SYBILL
(breaking into song)
An' the times, they are a'changin!

DELPHINE
(rearview)
You got any family atall?

KELLY
Not since the rapt... the attacks. My husband is all I have left. We're meeting outside of town.

CONTINUED: (2)

DELPHINE
Well, thank goodness you haven't got any children! "How dreadful it will be for pregnant women, children," and so forth.

SYBILL
(looking in the rearview)
I'm sure you needn't worry, darlin. He'll be there.
(BEAT)
But even the prepared are overtaken.

Delphine gives Sybill a sideways glance as they drive past a smoldering house with shattered windows. Sybill sings on.

INT. RUBICON OP 4 - NIGHT

Daniel gasps awake - everything is blurry and dimly lit with red chemlights. Someone is leaning over him.

VOICE
Easy, fella. I'm from the government, and I'm here to help.

A burly man in combat gear swims into focus. Tattoos, gruff, full beard. This is THE SIX.

THE SIX
That's a joke.

Daniel is in a low bunker. A black man in combat gear, PATRICK STACK, lies prone with a rifle, scanning out. Six is suturing Daniel's leg wounds, using a knife. Daniel reacts violently - but is quickly subdued by Six.

THE SIX (CONT'D)
Woah, settle down, killer.

STACK
Soft-ass civilians.

THE SIX
Stack, watch your sector.
(to Daniel)
One fragmented ricochet, one rock shrapnel. I've applied a local anesthetic. You're lucky. We hardly have any of the shit left. You'll have some scars, but that's ok. They show where you been.

CONTINUED:

Six shows him three parallel scars on his forearm. Grins.

THE SIX (CONT'D)
Impress the wife, whatever. You got a wife?

DANIEL
Where am I?

THE SIX
(wrapping him up)
I don't know, dude. I've only just arrived myself. Hold this.

DANIEL
I gotta get back. I have to-

A sudden distant thump puts Stack on alert.

STACK
They found the car.

THE SIX
That's Matt's position. Sanitize and move.

Stack pulls himself out of the hole, grabs Daniel by the feet, and pulls him out into the cold snow. He's on a steep forested slope. Six covers the lights.

They don night vision goggles. Six trips a lever that spills snow over the hidden bunker, then stretches a tripwire through the fresh pile.

THE SIX (CONT'D)
Dogs.

Stack dusts the area with a dry chemical from a can, covering his mouth and nose.

STACK
Set.

THE SIX
Move.

Daniel is dragged bodily as they move from the area. Stack sweeps their tracks behind them.

INT. CHURCH (OP 93) - DAY

Josh sits in the sanctuary of the Church (now OP 93), where a joint Operations Order is being given to hundreds of police, military, and feds.

LTC GENNARO
This is it, gentlemen. Everything we know is about to change. In response to the coast attacks, the President has invoked the War Powers Act and declared a state of national Martial Law.

INSERT SCENE: Families are glued to GNN. Tanks roll down streets. A little girl covers her ears.

LTC GENNARO (V.O.)
Active duty units are preparing retaliation attacks against foreign targets, but we have our own marching orders.

INSERT SCENE: Huge lines at the bank, tellers overwhelmed, there is no gold, no cash.

BACK TO:

Gennaro operates a digital projected map of the US. Huge swaths of the country are colored red, the rest blue.

LTC GENNARO
These former states along the Trans-Texas corridor are now FEMA Region 5. Resources, shipping and production are to be consolidated here under the National Response Framework. Outside these areas, we expect massive civil unrest within the next 24 hours, and depletion of domestic food supply in 72.

INSERT SCENE: News Reports of mass injuries as people riot, hunting food and water, massive looting.

LTC GENNARO (V.O.)
Minneapolis is the HUB, gentlemen. NORTHCOM HQ.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

LTC GENNARO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Anything outside the wire is to be considered a conflicted area and hostilities dealt with accordingly until we can reinstate local commerce under the federal credit system's RFID model.

BACK TO:

LTC GENNARO
Regions 1, 2, 3, and 9 are already too hot and have to be let go.

INSERT SCENE: Police and National Guard are activating - driving around with lights on, boots running, dragging C-wire coils across streets.

LTC GENNARO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Our peacekeeping efforts WILL be met with resistance, and uptown will turn into Baghdad without our iron control. While nothing lowers the morale of citizens more than being policed by their own military, let it not be said that we allowed this on our watch. Don't underestimate our enemy.

INSERT SCENE: Sam and Laura greet Kelly walking up the driveway to their compound. Sybill waves and drives off.

LTC GENNARO (CONT'D)
They will have some professional shooters - guys who evaded the law and stashed their guns for one purpose.

INSERT SCENE: A man pulls a round PVC pipe from the ground in a veteran cemetery. It's labeled SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS '92.

INSERT SCENE: Erik enters his house and goes downstairs. It is stocked with dry food goods. Max is taking inventory while Jake monitors CCTV on a laptop.

LTC GENNARO (CONT'D)
Now for the main show. You men are the strongarm of OP: Medusa. We will move against domestic terror groups identified by NSA fusion centers, making pre-emptive arrests until domestic reprisal has been contained.

CONTINUED: (2)

INSERT SCENE: Six and Daniel lie in the snow, inches from a patrol moving past.

LTC GENNARO (V.O.)(CONT'D)
Media soft targets have already been taken out nationwide, but as you veterans know, the head of a snake can still bite after being cut off. A new enemy requires new warfare, and those who would choose that path of defiance will be met with the unrivaled swiftness of the United States Armed Forces.

Josh looks around the room, locking eyes with Major Severson. Severson looks away after a moment. Gennaro finishes his slide and speaks directly to the men.

LTC GENNARO (CONT'D)
Gentlemen, Taiwan and South Korea are already under siege. We face possible nuclear combat with China and Russia, and ground war in Iran and Pakistan is imminent.

INSERT SCENE: The President's entourage arrives at NORAD. On his right is an 83-year old Simeon Nikassi.

LTC GENNARO (CONT'D)
Our brothers in combat brigades will meet those threats, but remember what that fight is for - these homes, and these streets. YOUR fight is for your homeland. YOU are the defenders of freedom. YOU are the guys with the guns. Protect your AO, protect your buddies, and fuck the rest. Light 'em up.

Now the soldiers and police give an enthusiastic cheer. Josh looks at Reardon in shock and disbelief.

EXT. CHURCH (OP 93) - DAY

Some soldiers are stringing up C-wire defensive positions around the church as everyone files out. Rathart catches up to Josh and Reardon, holding a printed manifest.

LT RATHART
Sergeant Rountree.

CONTINUED:

JOSH
Sir.

LT RATHART
Got our orders. Your squad is taking the AO indicated here. Convoy ops and prisoner grabs with Major Severson from Civil Affairs. LT Gomez will remain as our police liaison.

REARDON
Sir, what's our ROE? Who are we looking for?

LT RATHART
Like the Colonel said. DHS will be providing hit lists by the end of the week.
(Looks up from manifest)
Just treat it like Iraq. Hearts and minds.

Rathart moves away, yelling to another squad leader. Josh sets his jaw while Reardon shakes his head.

REARDON
(quietly)
Fucking hornets nest.

VASQUEZ
(from the turret)
Fuck yeah! Get some!

INT. LEVI CABIN - DAY

Kelly packs her bag. A TV is on in the living room.

REPORTER
...still on the hunt for Daniel Nikassi and Sam Levi, suspects in the Twin Cities Tribune bombing -

The channel changes.

SENATOR ULRIDGE
(on screen)
...move bravely forward into a new world free from terrorism incited by that archaic old constitution, then we should be grateful for the sacrifice of those in our coastal cities -

CONTINUED:

Laura turns off the TV. Ashley stands there, her arms wrapped around Kelly's leg.

KELLY
I never should have left the city. God, I always do that, I never trust myself.

Laura motions to Ashley, and she disengages.

KELLY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Laura. I appreciate your invitation to stay, really. But...

LAURA
Family.

Kelly nods and shoulders her bag. As Kelly watches, Ashley runs down the hallway, humming loudly.

KELLY
I have to know.

Sam meets her at the door. Outside, a car is running.

SAM
(hands her keys)
There's a new facility in Stillwater. It's a place people are meant to disappear. If they have him... you know where I'm talking about?

Kelly nods. Long pause.

SAM (CONT'D)
He's ok.

Kelly breaks - she's terrified. She hugs Sam, tears running.

KELLY
I know. I know he is.

EXT. RUBICON - EVENING

Hands are laid on Winona's young body as she is wrapped for traditional Lakota burial. A sweetgrass fire wafts smoke.

Across the clearing, Six tightens a bandage on Daniel's leg. A small triage has been established, and Six moves from man to man. Daniel is weak, and is sweating despite the cold.

CONTINUED:

THE SIX
You must be a fighter. Then again, if you weren't, why are you here?

DANIEL
If you know, please tell me.

THE SIX
I sure as shit didn't bring you here.

Skan and Nagi prepare a wooden platform. John walks from the woods to the body, wearing white earbuds. Six puts in a dip.

THE SIX (CONT'D)
Who's the girl?

DANIEL
I don't know.

The Lakota brothers retreat a short distance, leaving John alone with the body. John's lips move - a Lakota chant.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
You're SEALs, aren't you?

THE SIX
Slipped the leash after what they did to Team 6. But John's been in the fight a lot longer than us. Since Katrina.

DANIEL
Are there a lot of you?

THE SIX
You're looking at just about everyone I know about.

DANIEL
(laughs quietly)
So much for the home of the brave.

The Six finishes checking his bandages.

THE SIX
It ever been different? It only takes three percent. Professor, give me a hand.

Daniel again sees the three parallel stripes on Six' forearm as he moves to ghillie-suited MATT BARRICK, who has lost two fingers and is trying to bandage himself one-handed.

CONTINUED: (2)

THE SIX (CONT'D)
Cut it out, Matt. How many dogs were there?

Matt smiles and pantomimes two knife kills.

DANIEL
You bit anywhere else, Matt?

THE SIX
He can't talk, Professor. EFP strike in Kunar Province, breathed fire for two minutes before we pulled him out.

Matt allows Daniel to bandage his hand. Eyes him coolly as Six locates a bite wound on Matt's leg.

THE SIX (CONT'D)
So you got kids, man?

DANIEL
Not in a world like this.
(laughs with memory)
Kelly always wanted kids. Irish Protestant, so it's like a prerequisite. But I, uh... I wouldn't.

THE SIX
Kids are great. They're the only ones who can love people. I sure don't anymore. Fucking assholes.

He cinches Matt's leg tightly, making him grunt. Six sits down, resting. They watch John as he rocks, his head down, chanting quietly.

THE SIX (CONT'D)
Well. For a funeral this ain't so bad.

Daniel watches John over Winona's body. Thinks about Kelly.

DANIEL
You think we have a chance?

THE SIX
Ah. Don't change things on our end, near as I can figure. No matter how this plays out, it'll always be their world, and we just live in it.
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (3)

THE SIX (CONT'D)
But that don't mean we can't clean house now and again. Cleanse by fire.

John lays a single worn feather under Winona's hands. Skan and Nagi help John to raise Winona's body onto the elevated platform. The Six spits again.

THE SIX (CONT'D)
Home, country, family - don't come free anymore. Now, you EARN that shit.

He nods to burly hispanic SEAL, CHRIS REYES, who is pulling security. Chris nods back.

Across the clearing, John takes the bundle from over the fire and cradles it. Inside is a lock of her hair. He sets his jaws, eyes burning.

EXT. WOOD TRAIL - NIGHT

Kelly, backlit by her car's headlights, pulls a long metal box from the ground next to an old rusty pipe.

She opens the can - there are some gold coins, tightly rolled and sealed bags of clothing, food, and Daniel's pistol. Everything goes into her bug out bag.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A) The sun rises on a single-lane TCP filtering traffic at a highway exit. Pop music blasts from an idling humvee.

B) Rashid and two gang members loiter in front of a corner store, eyeing a single anxious security guard.

C) Traffic is backed up for miles. People huddle inside their vehicles, trying to stay warm as fuel meters hover on EMPTY.

EXT. ELBA OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

It's cold. Daniel lies in the back of an SUV, weak with fever. Chris throws Daniel's bag in with him.

CHRIS
He might die if we don't get him to Dumont's. I don't know why John brought him out here anyway. Where IS John?

SKAN
Where would YOU be?

CONTINUED:

Chris closes the SUV door. Skan looks in at Daniel through the window.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Daniel and Chris bounce along mountain trails at top speed as snow falls. A hard, fast-talking young woman named JAE DUMONT is spinning the wheel. They slam into a hill, powering up it.

CHRIS
Aprende a conducir culero!

JAE
Hang on.

Chris crosses himself. Daniel winces from pain in his leg. The trees open, revealing a wide view of the valley - a road far below is packed with traffic.

JAE (CODNT'D) (CONT'D)
That's I-90 down there. Backed up all the way to the borders and now they can't turn around. Poor bastards. It's supposed to be 10 degrees tonight.

CHRIS
You hear who got hit?

JAE
East and West coasts. Ba boom. They say it was Iran and Pakistan.

The view is gone in another blur of trees. Jae kills the headlights, pulls down night vision goggles.

JAE (CONT'D)
(turning around, grinning)
The thing is, there's not any fallout from the coasts! No radiation, no nukes. From where we're sitting, who knows if there were attacks at all?

Brakes slam - a civilian vehicle appears in the road in front of them. The vehicles head lights are bright as they follow the car around a curve. Daniel tries to sit up.

CHRIS
Can you get around them?

JAE
Give me a second to-

CONTINUED:

Sudden heavy gunfire crumples the car like a soda can. An armored MRAP vehicle at a blind roadblock continues to fire.

CHRIS
Reverse, go go go!

Jae throws the vehicle into reverse. Gunfire crackles through the woods.

EXT. ERIK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A swat team approaches the door silently, stacking up. A camera pokes through a window crack and the feed is read by the team leader. All clear. The go-code is given.

Flashbangs go through the windows. The team bursts through the front and back doors simultaneously. They pile in and are immediately caught up on wire fencing installed in the entryways.

Shouting, they fire at shapes fleeing out the windows.

Erik and his sons make a dash through the neighborhood, moving alertly with weapons up. Down the street, Christian Stetler's house is ready to receive them.

Jake collapses, wheezing. He was shot in the back. Behind them, incendiary grenades pop in the upper floors, and the house begins to burn.

EXT. ELBA OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

Stack, Matt, and Six tower over a captured soldier in the woods. Matt expertly drops him into a submissive kneel.

THE SIX
Hey man. Hey. What's your name?

SOLDIER
Sergeant Shane Riley.

Jae, Chris, and Daniel approach on foot, Daniel limping.

JAE
They captured one?

CHRIS
(to Daniel)
Stay here.

They move toward the group, fanning out, leaving Daniel.

CONTINUED:

THE SIX
Shane, what was your platoon doing so far outside the wire tonight?

Shane says nothing. Jae hits him - hard for a girl. Daniel tries to creep closer, fighting fever.

JAE
Lookit, dick - you came to my house and shot up my neighbors. You will talk or the wolves'll be at your bones by morning.

SHANE
We were... probing for one of the Minneapolis bombers.

Shane looks around bleakly. Spots Daniel.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Him.

Everyone looks at Daniel. Chris' points his pistol.

STACK
Well, motherfucker.

Six, Chris, and Stack confer quietly. They reach a decision, then surround Shane while Chris covers Daniel.

THE SIX
Shane. Focus now. I want you to tell me if they know about us.

SHANE
No sir. No way. Just him and a few illegals, on foot.

Long pause. They consider what comes next.

THE SIX
Alright then.

Stack seizes Daniel from the side.

INT. BURIED SHIPPING CONTAINER - NIGHT

Daniel and Shane's hands are shackled to cables locked to the rear gate of Jae's SUV. The SUV rests inside a buried shipping container, its front door open to the forest in front of them. Behind them are stacked weather-sealed supplies, pelican cases, and a getaway car.

CONTINUED:

They sit quietly, waiting, a single chemlight on the floor.

SHANE
You didn't do it, did you? Blow up the TCT building.

Daniel turns to look at him. Shane shakes his head furiously, goes back to trying to escape, slamming his body into the seat in front of him.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Their God damn fucking lies!

DANIEL
Easy, Shane.

He relaxes. Breathes out.

SHANE
Look where following orders gets you, you know? Swear to God, man, if my guys knew that what we were really doing, we'd all come over in a second.

Long pause.

SHANE (CONT'D)
You think they're gonna give us a chance?

DANIEL
I don't know.

The rear door to the container is pushed open, revealing a tunnel. Stack and Jae emerge. Jae opens the SUV rear gate and releases Daniel's cable, turning it into a lead.

JAE
Let's go, you. Don't fuck up the interior.

Stack closes the door in front of them, locking it.

SHANE
We're not your enemies.

JAE
Yeah, ok. You know what depopulation means?

SHANE
Depopulation? I'm not -

CONTINUED: (2)

JAE
Then what are your camps for? Agenda 21. Read the orders your bosses wrote, peanut.

Stack stands imposingly behind them, pistol ready.

DANIEL
It's Jae, isn't it? Jae. This is not how you're going to win the revolution. The stakes are too high, and you guys are messing it up already. You have to let us go.

Jae turns to pull them into the tunnel.

JAE
The only way out of here *now* is in a squad.

EXT. TRAFFIC CONTROL POINT - DAY

A control point has traffic at a standstill.

DHS AGENT
(looking at man's ID)
Sir, do you have any firearms or other contraband in the vehicle?

The agent, holding an ipad with Daniel's picture on it, looks in the vehicle, checks out the man's family. In the next car, Grant waits with his wife RACHEL and their teenage son.

DHS AGENT (CONT'D)
Alright man, I'm gonna need you to open the trunk and step out of the vehicle.

MAN
Sir, I don't consent to this.

The agent continues to talk threateningly to the man. Grant looks in his rearview to another man nervously tapping his steering wheel in the truck behind them.

Suddenly, the agent grabs the first man and bodily pulls him out of the car. He slams his head into the concrete and hauls him to his feet. The agent is immediately supported by a half dozen others, who proceed to beat and stomp the man.

The man in the truck behind Grant steps out of his vehicle.

CONTINUED:

DHS AGENT
Stay in your vehicles!

The man brings up an AR15 and opens fire.

Grant and his family cower. A minivan behind them panics and guns the engine, attempting to escape.

The turret gunner fires into the van, which slams into the shooter's truck and stops. The van has a stick-figure bumper sticker - a man, wife, three kids.

There is a momentary stillness before the screaming begins.

INT. STILLWATER "RESIDENTIAL FACILITY" - DAY

Kelly tours a massive detention center, escorted by a dumpy woman with a KBR ID badge. Kelly's badge reads JULIE THOMPSON, FEMA REGIONAL DIRECTOR.

MS. NORMAN
Each wing houses ten thousand. This one's for your high-risk inmates and blue-listers. You've got residential floors, chow hall, and re-education workshops. Daycare for the kids.

The building has no windows. Kelly motions toward a security door, and Ms. Norman readily deactivates the alarm and opens it.

KELLY
What about the auxillary lots?

Outside, Kelly sees small children sitting listlessly near a caged playground.

MS. NORMAN
Oh, another fifty K, easy. Those'll get most of the nonviolents, fed cred holdouts, refugees, and so on. Quite the labor force for your social projects!

Somewhere an electronic horn blares, echoing.

MS. NORMAN (CONT'D)
We're positioned to handle refugees from collection points all over Region 5. We'll probably be operating at capacity by summer. Talk about job security!
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

MS. NORMAN (CONT'D)
Used to be a traffic cop myself, Ms. Thompson. May I call you Julie?

KELLY
So explain this to me. Your doors are open, but you won't be equipped for expected volume for another year?

MS. NORMAN
Well, the trailers and eco-heaters aren't in yet, but...

KELLY
I'm going to have to see a copy of your current inmate manifest. That INCLUDES anything you've processed under the rug, like rendition clients. I wouldn't get too excited about those state grants yet.

Ms. Norman bustles off, flustered. Kelly can see outside barred windows onto the grounds - multiple layers of razor wire fencing, work yards. Even a vacant playground.

As she watches, a delegation of well-dressed US officials, Senator Ulridge included, is led through the gate turnstiles on a similar tour. They point to the fences and seem to share a laugh. One appears to hold his hands up in mock arrest.

Ms. Norman hurries back, waving a manifest.

MS. NORMAN
Ms. Thompson, this is our current record of -

Kelly snatches the list, scans it Far down the walkway, prison guards chatter into radios, looking around.

KELLY
Thank you, Ms. Norman. Please show me to your loading dock.

Ms. Norman, eager to comply, leads her to the back of the building, away from the delegation, past occupied cells.

Kelly does not see Daniel's name. Guards seem more alert.

KELLY (CONT'D)
This is everyone?

CONTINUED: (2)

MS. NORMAN
If they're here or about to be, they're on that list.

KELLY
Thank you. Now, excuse me. I need to do my own inspections. I'll collect you when I'm ready.

Kelly waits until she's gone - and thumbs the safety onto the pistol she's been carrying. She blasts through the loading dock's exit door, and collapses against the outside wall. She unhinges, panting heavily - she's at a dead end.

Across the lot, men assemble a gallows-like scaffold.

INT. ELK'S HEAD PUB - NIGHT

Jae marches Daniel through a dimly lit underground tunnel. Dan stumbles from his leg wound.

They emerge into a pub, through the kitchen. The staff is busy around hydroponic vegetable rigs, and one is cleaning an elk carcass. They nod deferentially to Jae.

They come out of a door behind the bar. A small crowd of men - some old, grizzled veterans - cluster around a table, all carrying illegal weapons. The crowd includes Chris, The Six, Skan, Stack, Matt, and RHODES.

Jae positions Daniel to her front left. An old man in the corner, ELIAS, watches him calmly.

STACK
If he's that valuable, they'll trade for him. How long before he draws more patrols?

RHODES
This valley might as well be the Korengal. Elba can hold her own.

JAE
You're lucky to be breathing. That big Indian convinced them not to kill you. But don't get any wacky ideas.

Skan stares at Daniel.

THE SIX
This is as secure an operations base as we can get. Road gangs will make enemy presence patrols too expensive, so we'll take advantage of the buffer, bury our liabilities and push ahead with the op.

CONTINUED:

DANIEL
What liabilities would that be?

THE SIX
Don't worry about that, professor. We're putting you under local care. After we clear the area, you can go where you like.

STACK
We running a daycare now, Six?

The Six ignores him. Stack moves in to secure Daniel.

DANIEL
No.

THE SIX
What?

DANIEL
You can't just put me away. I'm not your property.

THE SIX
Until we're dead or redeployed, that's exactly what you are.

DANIEL
I can help you, I know -

STACK
Stow it, tourist. Your boy John ain't here to protect you now.

DANIEL
What about Shane?

The Six nods to Stack. He moves in to grab him. Daniel pulls a pistol from Stack's gear and expertly brings it into firing position. Nearly everyone else also draws guns.

STACK
Oh, you in a world of hurt now.

DANIEL
Take a big step back. Go on, move. Either kill me or recruit me, but I am not getting swept under the rug.

No one moves. Six steps closer, observing Daniel bemusedly, chewing his apple. Chris ominously moves into a position to take Daniel down. Skan slips out the door.

CONTINUED: (2)

THE SIX
Listen, chucklehead, you're about four seconds away from getting your ass beat by this big nigger, so put the gun down.

DANIEL
What's your plan?

THE SIX
I was gonna ask you the same thing.

ELIAS
Hold up, Michael.

Elias commands the room. They listen to him.

ELIAS (CONT'D)
A minute ago you were going to bury him. He's entitled to his piece. Go ahead, young feller.

DANIEL
You call yourselves the 3 percent, but your plan is to put the 97% out of business and expect them to like it? You need a political majority. You need Martin.

Laughter.

STACK
More politicians? Christ.

RHODES
We're not talking to politicians anymore. They've already demonstrated their contempt for the Constitution.

DANIEL
You've had *years* to talk. And now you HAVE to fight, and drag your families along with you. Whatever your mission is, it's not good enough. The people will not support an insurgency. Then they'll just bring in foreign troops who can't mingle with the locals or media, and won't have any issue shooting Americans.

CONTINUED: (3)

Jae fans out opposite Chris. Daniel can't cover them all, and knows it.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
(quoting Martin)
The country needs a wakeful, moral return to liberty. Not a counter-coup. If you take your shot and no one's watching, it'll be a shot in the dark.

Six and Elias look at each other.

John, dirty and face painted black, approaches, Skan and Nagi on his flanks. There is a deferent silence. He looks at Six, then at Daniel. Surmises the situation. Glares back at Six.

Six shrugs. John leaves, moving back through the crowd.

Six moves in with a punch that floors Daniel. He takes the pistol easily and hands it back to Stack with an icy expression. Elias looks down at Daniel.

THE SIX
Where'd you serve?

DANIEL
(spits blood)
Al Busayyah, '91. I was an O-3.

THE SIX
Well, fucking solid, professor.

The Six offers Daniel a hand up. Stack stares at Daniel, face to face. He stares back defiantly, his face bleeding.

ELIAS
Six, swear him in.

Stack nods approval.

INT. DUMONT HOUSE - NIGHT

The front door swings open, Six, Chris, and Daniel freeze in the sudden light, and almost drop as a group of kids spill out into the yard. JOHANN DUMONT, a wealthy Boer businessman with a light Afrikaans accent, follows them out. Jae walks confidently forward.

JOHANN
If you're not a warrior, what are you?

CONTINUED:

KIDS IN UNISON
An organ donor!

JOHANN
Good work, men. Back to base, men, tactical spacing.

Six high fives the kids as they fan out into the woods. They enter the door, revealing a well-furnished modern home.

JOHANN (CONT'D)
Ugh, did you trek through enough mud, you animals? Weapon rack's there, know you won't use it, but at least mind the carpet, yeah?

JAE
They look good, dad.

JOHANN
(hugs her)
Young ones learn fast. Glad you're okay, baby.

Johann emerges from the hug dangling Jae's keys. Jae rolls her eyes.

JOHANN (CONT'D)
(dangling keys)
And my other baby?

JAE
(moving inside)
Parked her in Dugout Three. Are we set up for test fire?

JOHANN
Yeah, but -

She's already gone inside the house.

JOHANN (CONT'D)
Everything I own! And whatever I do apparently she can do better. Good to see you again, Mike.

THE SIX
And you. Johann, Dan Nikassi.

JOHANN
(shaking hands)
Ah, John's new toy.

CONTINUED: (2)

DANIEL
Not anymore, it seems.

INT. DUMONT HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

They walk through an ornate living room with a giant Kudu head on the wall. The house is stacked with modern solar and hydroponic devices - comfortable and self-sustaining.

Johann's rifle, a big .50cal, leans against the wall. Chris snatches it up, admiring it.

CHRIS
Holy shit Dumont, speaking of toys. You holdin' out on us, you skinny Dutchman?

JOHANN
Dutchman, is it, you hondenaaier? While you were fokin' your mother for pocket money I was putting holes in Angolans from 1800 meters.

Johann snatches the rifle back from Chris.

Down the stairs. The basement wall set into the hillside opens into another tunnel - an indoor firing range. Jae sits at a rifle bench, carefully adjusting a strange weapon next to a hand-made scoreboard.

Johann and Chris follow them down, still bantering. Against the wall, a pair of large 3D printers hum.

THE SIX
Check this out, professor.

Daniel looks. They're printing plastic weapon parts.

THE SIX (CONT'D)
If they're going to make a pistol illegal, you might as well own a machine gun.

DANIEL
So this is how Caesar gives power back to the people.

THE SIX
As long as they have $65 in plastic and a wifi connection.

The weapon fires a burst into the tunnel, which is lined with old tires to muffle the blast. The weapon cracks open.

CONTINUED:

JAE
(throwing ear protection)
Klein kakfokker! Dad, what's the fiberglass ratio in this piece of shit?

JOHANN
(to Six)
Kids. See what I mean?

Jae crosses out "Patriot v3.7" from the board, writes "v3.8."

THE SIX
We can package the file in an encrypted PDF. We just need a way to deliver it. John tells me you have media contacts.

DANIEL
I have more than that.

INT. MAP ROOM - NIGHT

A room in Johann's house has a map display laid out on a table. Elias has joined them from a tunnel entrance in the wall.

THE SIX
We hit them where they play.

He flips a photo onto the table. It's a huge stone owl, surrounded by occult priests. The lead priest holds a red book. Daniel laughs - he recognizes the place.

DANIEL
Are you crazy?

ELIAS
So you know what that is?

DANIEL
That is a *hell* of a first step. Oh, you guys are good. Six, is this your idea?

THE SIX
John's. Quite a story, getting that photo.

DANIEL
We'll need cameras. If the revolution's gonna be televised, we might as well make it HD.

INT. DUMONT HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

Elias and Daniel look out at the town of Elba from the upper floors of the Dumont house.

ELIAS
The world's crumbling, Dan. For all we went through in the war, to see what's happened... I'm old. I've done my running. It's your turn in the trenches, Captain.

DANIEL
You trust a hobbyist rebel to do this?

ELIAS
Well hell, Dan. You're already on a hit list. We put you out front and you get killed, we ain't lost nothing.

Daniel laughs.

EXT. HIGHWAY OVERPASS - DAWN

Kelly, dirty and unkempt, hides inside an abandoned car on an overpass. She peeks outside the window, looking over a hundred other abandoned cars, some burning. Something is coming through the light snow.

She hurriedly packs her few things - including pages of Dan's manuscript. She draws his pistol and waits.

INT. NIKASSI BEDROOM - MORNING

Daniel hisses awake in bed. It is white hot in the room, and the window glows and flickers.

The sheets move.

DANIEL
Kelly?

Daniel throws back the covers and reveals the massive head of a bear-like BEAST. It's muzzle deep in his guts, ripping and eating.

EXT. SLEEP POSITION - NIGHT

Daniel bolts awake, clawing at his stomach, gasping. He breathes heavily as he remembers where he is, exhaling vapor.

CONTINUED:

JOHN
You're here, buddy. Breathe out.

DANIEL
The dreams are getting worse.

Daniel reaches for his rifle, begins a systems check. Sees John studying him.

JOHN
You know what they say about idle hands.

DANIEL
They're just dreams.

JOHN
It's my watch in a few minutes. Take a walk?

EXT. RUBICON PERIMETER - NIGHT

It is a clear cold night in the bluffs. They trudge uphill through the snow, breath puffing.

DANIEL
Why'd you bring me here? Are you and Six even on the same side?

JOHN
He agrees with me as long as it means presenting a target. They all want their country back, and he may be the blunt instrument to make it happen. But the only thing we can agree on is that there will be a cleansing by fire.

DANIEL
I have to get back to her, John.

In the valley below them, more signs of gradual collapse emerge. There are tent cities springing up, their camp fires clustered around the interstate. But Elba is secure.

JOHN
I know.
(pause)
Hey, look up.

A jagged bluff spur is jutting 200 feet over them.

CONTINUED:

John looks up into the sky in a way that is reminiscent of the "rapture" videos. What is he really seeing?

JOHN (CONT'D)
Almost there.

He looks back at Daniel, smiles, then starts walking up the hill again. He quietly hums "The Age of Aquarius."

DANIEL
Christ, you're weird.

EXT. BLUFF HILLTOP - NIGHT

Daniel and John are at the top of the hill. John looks younger. It's cold, but neither of them breath vapor. Daniel stands oddly rigid.

JOHN
Tell me about her.

DANIEL
I dreamt I was eaten by a demon.
There was no pain.

JOHN
Was it her? Think.

DANIEL
She's always been here.

Daniel shakes with fear.

JOHN
Don't be afraid. Fear is created by your mind, and used to control you. It doesn't exist.

Daniel stops shaking.

DANIEL
(in a strange new voice)
Do I look afraid?

JOHN
Daniel, focus. The book. Is it Draconis?

DANIEL
I can feel the thunder gathering.

Daniel clenches a fist and stares at John. John takes up a defensive stance.

CONTINUED:

JOHN
Here she comes.

The hilltop is slammed with silence. Daniel's jaw distends horribly and he rushes at John.

EXT. SLEEPING POSITION - NIGHT

Daniel fires awake again. They are back in the sleeping position like they never left. Their breathe is vapor in the cold air. Daniel's jaw hurts.

John checks his watch.

JOHN
It's my watch in a few minutes.
Take a walk?

Daniel holds his hands to his head.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Breathe out, buddy.

DANIEL
I can't tell when I'm awake.

JOHN
Gives a whole new meaning to
"living the dream," huh?

INT. ROUNTREE HOUSE - DAY

The front window has been broken in, and the house looted. There is a "watcher" gang symbol tagged on the wall.

Ed is dead in his rocking chair, facing the door. Josh squats down in front of his father - two veteran warriors, eye to eye. He picks up an empty medication dispenser on the floor.

EXT. ROUNTREE HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Josh comes out, tapping the med dispenser on his palm. All the houses on this block have been hit this way, and are tagged with the "watcher" symbol.

His humvee is waiting alone on the dilapidated suburban street.

VASQUEZ
Everything ok, sergeant?

Josh swings into his seat. Reardon gets it. Exhales slowly.

CONTINUED:

JOSH
You think when this is over, anyone will remember us?

Reardon puts the humvee in drive and accelerates out.

REARDON
Depends on who wins.

Josh tosses the dispenser out the window. A single bullet pings off the armored humvee.

VASQUEZ
(ducking in the turret)
You know what? Fuck this shit.

The humvee works its way out of the bad neighborhood.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. RUBICON OP 4 - EVENING - JUNE 2013

A scope travels over a scene of degradation and chaos - the tent cities of I-90 have been eating each other alive.

Daniel looks through the scope. He has changed - leaner, fitter, and has a Lakota warrior mohawk.

As he watches across a wide swath of burned trees - an established no-man's land - he sees two skinny men drag a woman out to the border edge.

One of the men acknowledges the boundary by walking to the edge and extending a middle finger to the treeline - an act of defiance. He returns to his business, loosening his pants. Three more armed men join them, pulling security in Daniel's direction.

Along Daniel's side of the treeline are several suspended bodies, each labeled "looter" or "cannibal." Border warnings. Above, a developing storm rumbles ominously.

The scope travels over each man, counting. Daniel checks his watch, then looks up at the sky. It's almost time.

INT. DUMONT HOUSE - NIGHT

Thunder rumbles outside as Johann feeds sandwiches to the troops, who all look out of place putting on civilian clothes and shaving their faces.

Stack, Jae, and Shane are reviewing a UAV surveillance feed edit on a laptop. Daniel comes in through the tunnel.

CONTINUED:

He tosses five empty brass cartridges into a bin labelled RECYCLING SAVES THE EARTH.

DANIEL
We got air?

JOHANN
Provided by our city contact.

The footage shows massive gridlock, entire neighborhoods burned down, and constant military convoys. Suburban devastation. Buses being loaded.

JAE
Burnsville. Forced evacuations.

SHANE
I thought our guys were holding Burnsville.

DANIEL
Too late to change our pickup point now.

Daniel scrutinizes the neighborhood - looking for Kelly.

JAE
Strykers. MRAPs.

STACK
What do we got to throw at a fucking MRAP?

SHANE
Take out the eye, the CROWS gun will go blind. Turn it into a big slow coffin.

A shot of the city boundary. Two small people crawl toward the perimeter - trying to get out. As they watch, the screen flashes, and the two hot spots blow apart into chunks. The video goes on.

Long pause. The fear is settling in - Daniel must lead.

DANIEL
Americans imbued with a pathetic desire to be law abidingWe're the kids raised on Barney and birthdays.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

CONTINUED: (2)

A) Chris waves a hand over a small camera. Daniel catches the feed on a laptop, nodding approval.

B) John embracing Skan and Nagi as they leave the Rubicon. He turns to Winona's funeral scaffold, and lays the cluster of hair underneath. He looks up, shaking his head sadly.

DANIEL (V.O.)
If the world could not stand to stop what happened to the Armenians, Bosnians, Jews, and Rwandans, then they sure as hell aren't coming to our rescue.

INSERT SCENE: There is a general din as refugees pushing shopping carts and strollers mount buses outside of a buzzing community center. Blazing generators and mobile lights. It's buzzing with activity and loudspeakers.

Army medics in masks vaccinate people before they mount a bus. Bags are discarded - no room. Josh and his squad move to the lead humvee - they're rolling out soon.

DANIEL (V.O.)
We're the generation we've been waiting for.

INSERT SCENE: Matt and Chris throw gear into a Cessna 180 on a long-abandoned dirt road that stretches under the forest roof. A crusty old pilot throttles up for takeoff. Daniel watches. John and Six turn to Daniel. Short nods of farewell. There's nothing else to say.

The plane takes off and buzzes away to the west.

DANIEL
Our last shot before the abyss. Let's get it on.

They move out of the house, slapping Johann on the shoulder in thanks and farewell.

Johann stops Daniel.

JOHANN
My great-grandfather led a squad in the Boer war. The entire settlement, women and children - was imprisoned by the British just to get him to give up. You're a Jew, yeah?

CONTINUED: (3)

Daniel nods. Johann hands him a RED CD CASE marked with three vertical lines. The 3D printers behind them are quiet.

JOHANN (CONT'D)
When you cross, the only surplus you can expect are targets. Remember history, and aim small.

Johann hugs Jae goodbye. Outside, the rain begins.

INT. RUBICON TUNNEL - DUSK

Daniel and the team don rain gear and shoulder packs in an underground bunker. They move out of the tunnel and into the woods and mount ATVs, blasted by heavy rain.

STACK
God, I miss Arizona.

Behind them, the town is busy "buttoning up," preparing for action. Elias sits atop a big black horse, watching the team leave. He is strong; a warrior. He nods to Daniel.

INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT

Josh's humvee leads a long convoy of military fuel tankers and civilian buses. They pass the burned husks of houses, many marked with wide red stripes, on their way out of town.

JOSH
(over radio)
Centurion 2-2, Centurion 2-3. Maintain current speed while we push ahead to probe the route.

CENTURION 2-2
(over radio)
Copy.

Josh looks over at Reardon, who nods and accelerates.

JOSH
Vax!

VASQUEZ
Sarn't?

JOSH
We're picking up some friendlies tonight - keep your eyes peeled for cateyes!

Their humvee gains distance on the convoy.

CONTINUED:

Vasquez sees two glowing spots on the side of the road through his NVG.

VASQUEZ
I got 'em, sergeant! 150 meters out!

JOSH
Give them two strobes.

Vasquez pings them twice with his NV.

JOSH (CONT'D)
200 meters and stop.

The humvee stops in the darkness, blocking both lanes. Josh and Reardon jump out and run to the rear of the humvee.

REARDON
Vax, security to 3.

VASQUEZ
Roger, sergeant!

Josh holds his hands out away from his weapon, then offers the "three percent" hand signal. The team emerges from the blackness - Daniel, Jae, and Shane. Shane and Josh shake hands warmly.

JOSH
Staying out of trouble, Shane? Gear and weapons into the back. I need you lined up on the side of the road in ten seconds.

The guys start slinging gear into the back of the humvee.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Kenny, make the call!

REARDON
(into radio)
Centurion 2-2, This is 2-3 Delta. We're picking up some refugees to add to the manifest, over.

JOSH
Is this all of you?

DANIEL
(into radio)
Tail, bring it in.

Stack hustles i, carrying a rifle. Puts his kit into the back of the humvee. More headlights appear on the horizon.

CONTINUED: (2)

Reardon and Josh bring their rifles up in mock arrest posture for the approaching convoy.

REARDON
(checking the group)
No weapons, no tac gear, lose the comms. We are going across the border tonight.

JOSH
You're civilian refugees from Burnsville, going to the metro detention center to be in-processed. Your POC is in the first truck.

The convoy stops in front of them. Stack hides a sheared PVC shank up his sleeve.

REARDON
Alright, load up.

The tarp is thrown open on prisoner truck A20. Severson is waiting inside, in the dark.

INT. PRISONER TRANSPORT TRUCK A20 - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The back of the truck is opaque.

JAE
Wish they'd go faster.

REARDON
Ten mikes to the border.

SEVERSON
Alright, listen up. I'm passing out lead-lined Visine bottles to each of you. You're going to apply a few drops to the back of your RFID hand. Don't let it run.

JAE
What is it?

SEVERSON
RFID Pirate. It'll reflect a counterfeit signal with fake ID and bio. It'll give the same return every time, like a fax, so once the system catches on, you're going for the ride.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

SEVERSON (CONT'D)
Operation Medusa is including public executions going now, and this is a quick way onto the docket.

He cracks a chemlight and passes a bottles.

DANIEL
Can it be used for purchases?

In the new light, Severson and Daniel lock eyes. There is gradual recognition. A sudden cracking explosion bounces the truck on its axles. It slides to a stop. The light is dropped.

REARDON
Stay here.

Reardon jumps out the back. Severson wordlessly follows, taking the RFID bottles with him. There are sporadic pings of incoming rounds and the humvees respond with thumping bursts of .50cal.

JAE
Our Burnsville unit?

SHANE
Probably gangs.

Stack notices Daniel's expression.

STACK
What is it?

Severson throws the flap open. Outside, a fuel tanker burns.

SEVERSON
(pointing to Dan, Stack)
We have casualties. You two are going to have to get off.

He disappears outside again, shouting orders.

DANIEL
(quietly)
If we're compromised, you have to take the convoy.

SHANE
With what?

With no option, they hop out as some bleeding NG drivers are pushed in. Josh and Reardon are nowhere to be seen.

CONTINUED: (2)

Behind them in the convoy, a school bus with a wide yellow bar designator idles.

SOLDIER
We gotta get out of the kill zone!
Get the fuck on the bus!

INT. BUS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

They file onto the dark bus, which is nearly full of refugees, each marked with a yellow stripe. Daniel creeps down the aisle toward an empty seat, Stack choosing the one behind him.

Stack is about to pass Daniel his RFID bottle when another civilian comes on the bus, wearing a blue Civilian Work Brigade jacket and taking a seat next to Daniel. It's Alan.

DRIVER
We're rolling, mount up!

The convoy moves on in darkness. Outside, a QRF force zooms past, weapons ready. Stack pokes his PVC pipe into the seat, aimed at Alan's back, then puts the RFID bottle on the floor.

STACK
Foot.

ALAN
What's that, brother?

STACK
Nothing.

ALAN
(turns to Stack)
You know, something should have been done sooner, my man - those Martin-worshiping barbarians got my whole street two weeks ago. Took everything, then burned it to the ground. How many generations has this been going on in your neighborhoods?

STACK
Since they brought us over in the boats, my man.

DRIVER
2 minutes until checkpoint!

CONTINUED:

Brakes squeak, Stack nudges the bottle, which rolls quickly forward. Daniel catches it with his foot.

ALAN
And they just expect you to pay taxes and keep quiet. Well, I got a guy in the city, says they're executing them publicly now. The ones they catch. Decapitation.

Daniel grabs the bottle and brings it up.

STACK
That's all they deserve.

Without attracting attention, Daniel applies the drops.

The convoy slows to a stop. Outside, DHS and TSA agents conduct explosive sweeps with trained dogs and mirrors. The bus door is thrown open by a thuggish black-jacketed TSA agent, who barges on, followed by Josh.

TSA AGENT
Alright, let me see your hands! Keep them up!

Everyone raises their hands. Daniel struggles to keep the still-drying compound from rolling down his hand and avoid being seen by Alan. The bus lights click on. Josh, behind the agent, has his rifle ready.

TSA AGENT (CONT'D)
Alright. Stand by for the scan.

The agent holds up a handheld device. It pings all the RFIDs in the bus, then he studies the readout.

After a long moment, the agent is satisfied. The lights click off again. Alan yawns, relaxing.

ALAN
Finally.

The agent leaves and the bus rolls into a large metal detector. It hums and clacks as it sweeps the exterior.

STACK
(knee still on the pipe)
Think that thing can check my prostate while I'm here?

Nervous laughter. The convoy crosses the border.

EXT. AIRPORT INPROCESSING FACILITY - LATER

The crowd is being led into the facility, but there is a screen of intent security forces searching each individual.

A hand drops onto Daniel's shoulder - it's Josh. The truck is idling behind him.

They turn and disappear over the k-rails.

Alan, turning in the new bright light, recognizes the shape of Daniel's bag, before he is herded along with the others through the turnstiles of the facility. He puts his hands up to be searched.

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT - LATER

Josh's trucks stops. Josh throws back the tarp. They get out.

SHANE
Couldn't you drop us off downtown?

JOSH
It's not our city anymore.

The skyline shows the extent of the civil unrest. Houses, blocks, streets are scorched and deserted. They are standing in what used to be an upscale shopping district.

STACK
Jesus Christ.

SHANE
(to Jae)
Depopulation.

There is a quiet moment. This is their home. Daniel spits.

DANIEL
The Brits did this to us once, because they thought we wouldn't *dare* to fire on the king's troops. The Germans, the Japanese - same story. But it wasn't our weapons the enemies of American patriots learned to fear - it was us. Let's remind them why.

They return to the mission. Gear is redistributed. Josh takes his helmet off and pulls Daniel aside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOSH
Something big is happening, and I don't know what it is. Whatever you're doing - there's got to be more. When's the push?

DANIEL
When the timing's right.

JOSH
You know how many innocent people I put away every day?

DANIEL
We have one shot at this, sergeant. The last time there was tyranny this complete, it took the discovery a new continent to start over. You're an American insurgent. The first in history.

JOSH
You're Nikassi, aren't you?

Daniel scrutinizes him. How does he know?

JOSH (CONT'D)
Kelly's waiting at the Blue Stage.

Josh turns and walks back to his humvee. Stack walks up.

STACK
John's city contact will meet you on the other side. Ready for this, Captain?

Daniel nods. Stack takes him weapon.

STACK (CONT'D)
Don't get fucked.

Daniel smirks, then heads off into the darkness alone.

EXT. TRAINYARD - NIGHT

Daniel sits concealed on a train that crawls through urban sprawl and darkened neighborhoods choked with wires and surveillance gear. There are two other cargo items stretched along the train: tanks, and stacks of black plastic high-capacity coffins.

TV SCREEN - NEWS PROGRAM

Ruckman and Charlotte deliver the news.

RUCKMAN
...Charlotte, I don't know about your weekend Independence day plans, but I just picked up the fattest hot dogs I could find.

CHARLOTTE
(laughing)
Low calorie, I hope!

RUCKMAN
Absolutely not, don't you know what the 4th of July is for?

CHARLOTTE
Well let's hope our viewers have more sense! When we come back - how to have a fun, yet safe, holiday barbecue-

EAS bars and tone interrupts transmission. Video cuts in. Six and a number of darkened fighters stand ominously in combat gear - Daniel included.

THE SIX
This is The Six. This message has been recorded deep within FEMA Region 5. It is an open message to the leaders and puppets of the new world order, with the hope that our brothers and sisters under your control can still hear and understand.

INT. GNN NEWS STUDIO - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The studio crew reacts, wondering what is going on.

RUCKMAN
The hell is this? Merrick!

THE SIX
(on screen)
I have an obligation to be blunt with you. I have encrypted this message with an illegal weapon.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

THE SIX (CONT'D)
Every 5 seconds its FTP source is being scrambled, duplicated, and recycled so that even if it can be traced, it is already being stored on every internet-enabled device in the former United States. This weapon is a firearm blueprint that can be accessed by anyone with a 3d printer. I have violated the international Arms Treaty and committed a capital offense. And I have made each of you an accessory.

INT. GNN STUDIO CONTROL BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Daniel stands guard over a ziptied DHS agent and the editor next the EAS machine. On the desk is Six's RED CD CASE.

Chad prepares to leave. Daniel squats down in front of the DHS agent, and pulls off his own mask. Looks him in the eyes.

THE SIX
(on screen)
I did this because, like many of you, am no longer willing to witness the occupation of my homeland by traitors who claim authority over my life, liberty, and happiness. The Declaration of Independence identified these as natural rights. What authority do they have to restrict a natural right?

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A) Suffering families watching, listening over TVs and phones. Many try desperately to turn the message off.

B) 3d printed weapon schematics pop up on digital screens. Some try to close out the windows, but others immediately set to work printing off the designs.

THE SIX (CONT'D)
(on screen)
They are traitors and oath breakers, and I declare their authority illegitimate, and absolve them of their right to rule.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

C) Black suited federal agents taking people out of homes.

CONTINUED:

D) Beaten people in the back of prisoner transports approaching fenced-in detention centers.

THE SIX (V.O.)
Enemies of the free republic, I will no longer cede the heritage of my liberty to you. And I will use my training as a special forces operator to turn your subjects into infantrymen.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

E) Militiamen nationwide watching the message in bars and homes, transfixed, nodding agreement, cheering.

F) Grant, wearing a blue work brigade jacket, wheels a cart full of books labeled UNIVERSITY LIBRARY through a door marked FURNACE ROOM.

G) Men and women digging cached weapons out of the ground.

H) Josh and Reardon turn from the broadcast. Josh's eyes read new commitment. Reardon nods assent.

I) Six, in a light-wing aircraft, flies over the destruction of San Francisco.

THE SIX (V.O.)
You've destroyed our cities. Murdered and imprisoned us, and declared us enemy combatants, subject to the laws of war.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

J) The light wing aircraft lands on a deserted roadway in a redwood forest.

K) Six and the others hop off the plane. They are met by other ex-mil types, and embrace like old friends.

L) Six, in total camouflage, slowly climbs a tree.

M) Ghillie suited Chris low-crawls into a firing position.

THE SIX (V.O.)
Dictators die at the hands of their people. Now it's your turn.

N) Black-clad security sweep a forest trail with dogs, looking for explosives. A fire truck is allowed through the gates.

CONTINUED: (2)

O) A fire truck manned by Six's airfield friend discretely dumps a heavy liquid from a fire engine into remote river. The liquid flows downstream.

THE SIX (V.O.)
To our brothers in the military - you no longer have the choice of just going along with tyrannizing Americans. You no longer have the choice of just following orders - because after tonight, you will have to fight us. We will NOT disarm, and we will NOT comply. If you violate your oaths, you won't be able to tyrannize Americans anymore because you and I will be too busy killing each other.

P) Simeon Nikassi dons a white robe. Behind him, Dragan stands guard next to a black horse-drawn wagon.

Q) Hundreds of well-dressed men follow a torch-lit path in the woods. Security is HEAVY.

INT. GNN NEWS STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Daniel and Chad enter the studio floor. Chad runs across the studio to Charlotte. The crew, recognizing Daniel, stands agape. Ruckman physically recoils.

SIX
(on screen)
To all you veterans who stood by and let this happen - I don't care how old you are, how busted up you are - you have a duty to stand. Your oath expires when you do. As long as you're on this side of the grass, you're still on the hook.

THE SIX
Embrace your place in history. Do you know how much blood and heritage have pushed you to this point in history? It's our watch. It's our turn in the front ranks.

CHAD
(quietly to Charlotte)
I'm sorry.

Charlotte sits rigidly, eyes wide. She won't go with him. Chad brushes her cheek softly before fleeing with Daniel.

Helicopters already thump the air. They are surrounded.

CONTINUED:

STATION MANAGER
Oh Jesus!

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Daniel and Chad flee down a studio hallway. A SWAT team blows a door inward. Chad leads them into a stairwell.

INT. STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

THE SIX
(echoing V.O.)
To you illegals and traitors barricaded in Washington, whose only weapons are fear and force - we will retain our right to vote you out under rule 308. We are physics. Get out now or expect the equal and opposite reaction. Fellow patriots - tonight, we will buy you a head start. But after the fireworks, we expect you to do your duty with speed and vigor.

As they reaches the bottom of the stairs, the door is thrown open and a three-man SWAT team immediately pins him against the wall. The sergeant looks him up and down, then grabs his RFID hand, finding it blank.

SERGEANT
You run that broadcast?

DANIEL
Yes.

The sergeant looks over to the other officers. Overhead, a TV monitor continues the EAS:

THE SIX
(on screen)
This 4th of July, EARN your independence. Stand now or kneel forever.

All insurgents behind Six rack the bolts on their weapons. A final frame shows the 3% symbol - three vertical red stripes.

INT. GNN NEWS STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

The studio goes live as transmission resumes. Charlotte looks into the camera, and doesn't know what to say.

CONTINUED:

STAGE MANAGER
Charlotte. Do something.

The transmission cuts.

EXT. "THE GROVE" - NIGHT

The black horse-drawn cart with a small wrapped body in the back rolls down a torch-lit path to an altar beneath a giant STONE OWL, led by black-robed priests and bagpipe music.

Across the river, 2,000 people sit in wide forest amphitheater, waiting quietly. In front of the altar, fifty druids stand silently next to a burning ALADDIN'S LAMP.

Simeon, a high priest in white robes, takes his place facing the forefront of the owl, lays out an ancient red book on the podium. The bagpipe music stops.

SIMEON
(voice amplified)
The owl is in his leafy temple.
Holy are the pillars of this house!
Weaving spiders come not here!

There is a CLANG in the trees. The rest of the priest procession takes up positions in an array in front of the owl idol.

SIMEON (CONT'D)
Hail! Cast to the winds the cares of life. For now gather the forest folk to cast spells over we mortals, to touch our world-blind eyes with carrion. For at last, with moss rending the stones of Babylon, the watchers of the night bear witness to the final victory at hand!

The crowd cheers, as Simeon's voice warps slightly as if masked by something else.

In the trees, unseen, Six is perched with a sniper rifle, an array of playing cards taped to the branch, each with a different face on it. Targets. He adjusts the angle on a mounted camera nearby.

SIMEON (CONT'D)
(to OWL)
For our lasting reward we turn to one alone.
(to crowd)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMEON (CONT'D)
True believers, zacare ca od zamran! It is here our funeral pyre awaits but one thing.

Simeon turns dramatically to the crowd as a priest in black robes, his face painted like a skull, places the small bound body from the carriage onto the altar in front of the owl.

In another tree, Chris waits with a sniper rifle. He is shaken by the scene. He hears howls barely masked by the cheering of the crowd. They show bizarre signs of enjoyment.

Six' rifle scope scans the faces of the crowd, as it cheers. The crosshairs pass over the face of Mialzcarak. Six confirms the face on a target card. Simeon draws a long ritual knife and raises it aloft.

SIMEON (CONT'D)
Under the reaching branches of our church, know ye this! The victory is ours, and with the sacred flames that burn a final time this night - the new age begins our freedom!

The knife plunges into the effigy, and the crowd cheers. Chris, looking through the scope of his rifle, sees strange flickering shapes in and around the enraptured faces of the priests. He blinks, tries to shake it off. Things move in the forest around him.

The crowd falls silent as Simeon ascends the stairs to the altar. The priests light torches from the flames of Aladdin's Lamp, then hold them aloft. Six and Chris calmly exhale, preparing to engage.

SIMEON (CONT'D)
Old World! Fire shall have its will of thee! Through this cleansing of fire, once again, we are set free upon the earth!

Chris watches as the priests drop their torches onto the body, which immediately is set ablaze. There is terrible screaming. The woods around him shake with sudden invisible movement, but Chris is focused. He crosses himself.

The celebratory fireworks begin.

SIMEON (CONT'D)
Servants of the light - happy Independence Day!

Six fires. The .50cal round cuts through ten people.

CONTINUED: (2)

At first the crowd does not move from their trance, but people begin dropping by the dozen from coordinated sniper fire. A human stampede begins.

Chris fires accurate shots, dropping priests along the altar. Some of the priests, disguised security, throw Simeon down and protect him.

Six, his rifle depleted, zips down from his tree on a rappel line. At the bottom, he picks up a smaller rifle.

Dragan throws back his hood and scans for the shooters while he and another agent perch on top of Simeon.

The stampeding crowd flees into thee forest, where Matt waits with a belt-fed machine gun. He cuts them down in droves.

DRAGAN
(to the other agent)
Get him out.

Dragan gets up and moves toward the source of the fire.

The other agent looks down at Simeon, and with a pressure point move takes the ritual knife from his grasp. It's John.

John looks up to the podium - the red book is there. He rips off Simeon's hood. Simeon looks up at him, and smiles with off-putting recognition.

SIMEON
Hello, John.

Six arrives at the owl, methodically shooting down priests who are fleeing into the woods. John forces Simeon to his feet, the ritual knife in his left hand.

JOHN
(to Six)
The book.

Dragan leads a team on a flanking move with IR goggles on. He spots Chris.

Chris prepares his rappel line. Something moves out of the corner of his eye - he finally moves to acknowledge it, and sees a twisted distended face rushing at him before -

Dragan shoots Chris and his body falls from the tree. He moves away, now seeking the source of the machine gun fire.

Matt runs out of ammo. The crowd has surged into the designated kill zone, so he picks up two detonation devices.

CONTINUED: (3)

Six stuffs the book into a waterproof sack and grabs the ALADDIN'S LAMP from the altar as John grips his tomahawk with his right hand. Six suddenly sees blackened ribs emerging from the smoldering pile - the small effigy was a child.

THE SIX
Oh, fuck me.

John turns to see what it is - and is struck frozen at the sight of the tiny ribcage. The forest trail across the river suddenly erupts in a series of explosions.

Simeon, quick as a cat, pushes the blade into John's body. They lock eyes before John collapses. Simeon pulls the blade, grabs his hair and pulls his head back, exposing the throat.

Six draws a pistol and shoots Simeon through the head. He goes to help John, but gunfire erupts near him and bullets shatter the area, driving them apart.

Six dons a pony bottle as he runs into the river, which shimmers as if covered with oil. He turns back as Dragan rounds the corner. The flanks have collapsed, and security pours in. They are out of time.

Six gives Dragan the finger before tossing ALADDIN'S LAMP into the river, which bursts into flame. He sinks into the water, where Matt is already waiting.

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

The image broadcasted from the camera is found by Dragan, who scowls before turning it off. The broadcast ends.

Erik turns from the TV. Nods to a small group behind him.

EXT. BLUE STAGE BAR - NIGHT

Police helicopters patrol on a manhunt. Kelly hides in the burned out husk of the Blue Stage bar.

Flashing red and blue - a police convoy pulls up outside. She's busted! The door of the lead car opens and Daniel steps out.

KELLY
Danny?

She runs right out to him, grabbing him tightly. Behind Daniel, the SWAT Sergeant smiles slowly and returns to his vehicle.

INT. BLUE STAGE VIP ROOM - NIGHT

Daniel and Kelly are in the remains of the Blue Stage VIP room, lit by a red chemlight. They each have small backpacks - all that's left of their affluent former lives. Kelly tries to start a small fire in a camp stove.

KELLY
I've only been here a few days.
Since Josh found me.

Kelly has Daniel's pistol in her belt. She hands it to him.

KELLY (CONT'D)
I was never any good with it
anyway.

Daniel grips it with his right hand, its familiar shape becoming an extension of his arm.

DANIEL
After tomorrow, things will change.
It's really happening.

KELLY
Just a shortcut to acquittal,
right?

Pause. The brave façade is breaking.

DANIEL
Kells? Are you ok?

Kelly nods quickly, then her lip quivers. Breaking form, they both crawl to each other and embrace. Kelly sobs while Daniel holds her.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
You are my heart. My whole heart.

KELLY
What am I supposed to do without
you? I can't sleep, I can't think.
Don't leave me again.

She pushes away to look at him.

KELLY (CONT'D)
(sniffng)
Your hair.

Daniel smiles. Kelly traces her fingers down Daniel's warrior mohawk. The close crop reveals ugly scars.

CONTINUED:

KELLY (CONT'D)
Danny, what happened to you?

He sees into Kelly's bag, spots his manuscript notes. He takes them, incredulous.

DANIEL
You went back? For this?

Kelly shrugs a little. Long pause.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
I don't remember it. Just stuff in dreams sometimes, and I don't know if they're memories or imagined. My father - my real father. Lead pipe, a knife. Something dark. When I was older my foster mom told me I was dead for a while when the hospital staff found me on the curb.

Kelly says nothing. Does she already know?

DANIEL (CONT'D)
All they left me was this name, to make sure I know where I come from. The more I look, the more I find. I was only five.

He thumbs through the pages. The idol drawing, NIKASSI. His written question: "Why *blood*?" and the answer CAPUT DRACONIS. The fire is dying.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
The only truth about people is that we create monsters of each other. And the real horror is not that we train children to hate, and fight, and kill - the real horror is that they're good students. And if that's where I come from... how could I ever be better?

He twists out pages of the manuscript and puts them in the camp stove, which flares to life. Visible through the flames, next to his question, the jagged answer in strange handwriting: CAPUT DRACONIS.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
If history repeats the way it has been, then we all deserve a life in hell.

CONTINUED: (2)

Kelly clings to Daniel. There's a long pause.

KELLY
Will there be anything left when it's over?

DANIEL
Just me and you, angel.

He holds her, his grip becoming more desperate, visceral. She responds. Clothes slide off and they are entwined. The chemlight is kicked away.

The darkness snaps to a hidden Infrared CCTV feed that observes their entwined heat signatures.

INT. LEVI CABIN - DAY

Ashley runs with Dizzy the Dinosaur around the Levi Cabin, where Sam Levi and his extended family are staying. She runs through the kitchen, weaving around everyone. Sam and Laura pick from a basket of garden vegetables.

LAURA
Oh, sweetie, do you want some carrots for lunch?

ASHLEY
Nope!

LAURA
Well stay close to the house, ok?

Ashley swirls outside. She follows a path away from the house, passing BEN, a 15-year old on armed perimeter patrol.

BEN
Where you off to, Ashley?

ASHLEY
Over there. By the woods.

BEN
Well, you stay close, ok?

ASHLEY
'Kay.

Ashley runs to the woodline. Dizzy chomps some grass. A camouflaged AGENT leans out from the underbrush.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
Oh hello! Who are you?

CONTINUED:

AGENT
My name is Mr. Jackson, Sweetheart. Wow, what a big dinosaur! He doesn't bite, does he?

ASHLEY
No, Dizzy doesn't eat people anymore, since Mr. Nicksy said so. But I'm starting to think Mr. Nicksy is just a big scaredy.

AGENT
Well, Dizzy is a good boy. Sweetie, could you come over here?

Ashley hesitates, but then is seized from the side by another AGENT. The woodline is crawling with them.

AGENT (CONT'D)
(into radio)
Child is clear. Take the shot.

A suppressed rifle thumps, and Ben goes down from a headshot. Ashley screams and the agent clamps his hand over her face. Dizzy falls the ground. An agent lases the cabin.

NEWS PROGRAMS - MEDIA MONTAGE

Live satellite feed of the missile striking the compound.

INTERCUT NEWS PROGRAMS

RUCKMAN (V.O.)
Reports from the brave officers on the ground indicate that children have been rescued from the compound and are now under federal protection.

REPORTER #1
...these executive actions will continue in the wake of yesterday's vicious attack at a California weekend retreat...

Mialczarak shown being treated for minor wounds.

REPORTER #2
...a veritable who's-who of today's politicians, actors, and cultural elite -

CONTINUED:

Wrecked school buildings. Federal officers pulling out children, dead and alive. Photos of Sam, John, and Daniel are shown.

NEWS ANCHOR 1
-in apparent retaliation, more than a dozen schools and government buildings were bombed across districts 7 and 8 this morning-

NEWS ANCHOR 2
- looking forward to the starting lineup of the upcoming football season -

REPORTER #3
The Council of Ten Governors has convened, and as of this morning are issuing a state of emergency. FEMA Youth Corps will-

Busy network programming switchboard, toggling channels. The producer prepares to go live with Charlotte's feed.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY

Charlotte is reporting live at the front of the University admin building. Student protests and police presence. Charlotte chooses the craziest protestors as her backdrop.

CHARLOTTE
And today's brushes with terror are not over, as former Congressman Colin Martin, accused of inciting today's string of attacks, awaits sentencing by Tribunal...

Kelly and Daniel move discreetly through the noisy crowd. Jae and Shane follow on the flanks, wearing red hats to ID each other. Each have very subtle patches of face paint - face recognition scramblers.

Daniel stops and leans in to Kelly.

DANIEL
See you over there.

Kelly, well-dressed and assuming a confident walk, moves past Charlotte and the media at the door of the building.

INT. CLASSROOM 1 - CONTINUOUS

Burned-out classroom across the street. Stack and Chad lie very still as a police sniper team sets up feet from him, looking out across the street to the noisy crowd.

Stack readies his PVC shank.

INT. CLASSROOM 2 - CONTINUOUS

Erik and Max put on police uniforms. Three naked men lie tied up nearby, unconscious.

Max gets on a sniper rifle while Erik opens the UAV laptop controller and listens in on police radio chatter.

INTERCUT CROWD/CLASSROOMS/KELLY

Kelly bluffs her way through security with a smile and a fake ID. She moves toward the interior tribunal.

Erik's UAV screen shows the video feed from a thousand feet up. The stealth truck moves into position a block away from the tribunal building.

Erik and Stack switch radio channels.

ERIK
(into radio)
Wheels, this is Eyes. I have you. Break circuits now.

INT. STEALTH TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Christian waits behind the wheel, tapping nervously. He throws a switch on the camera jammer box.

INTERCUT TRIBUNAL/VAN/CROWD/CLASSROOMS

CROWD

Jae and Shane, dressed like the protestors, scan the crowd for agents. Shane spots one.

SHANE
Arm, this is Foot. Contacts in the crowd. Blue bandanas.

CLASSROOM 2

Stack, now dressed in a police uniform, scans the crowd with a rifle. Chad wipes blood from another weapon. Stack spots the bandanas.

CONTINUED:

STACK
Arm. I'm on you.

DANIEL
Arm, weapons tight until High Value Individual is out.

TRIBUNAL

Kelly is insid, moving toward the tribunal area. Rounding a corner, she slams right into Brad Davis and his aide.

DAVIS
Oh.

Kelly pushes them into a corner near the tribunal door.

KELLY
Hi Davis. My client coming through here shortly?

AIDE
Oh my God, how'd she get inside?

Kelly slams him in the face with her briefcase, then steps on Davis' hand with her heel.

CLASSROOM 2

Max observes a visible change in the perimeter riot cops. They are getting ready.

MAX
All Feet, watch your step. Bulls starting the parade.

CROWD

Daniel, moving through the crowd to the side exit. A DHS truck with a microwave cannon pulls up.

ERIK
Foot. Axle movement on three sides.

DANIEL
Foot confirms. That's a go on the tin, and hold for the HVI.

He bumps into someone, who turns - it's Emily Hudson.

EMILY HUDSON
Professor Nick?

CONTINUED: (2)

TRIBUNAL

Kelly applies pressure to Davis' hand.

DAVIS
You really thought they'd let this go to trial?

Kelly peeks into the room. It's full of soldiers in blue helmets. Kelly's in a trap.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
He's not here!

KELLY
Where is he?

DAVIS
I'm not going to tell you that.

KELLY
How much carrot is on that string they got in front of you, dude?

Loud radio chatter echoes down the hallway. Something is happening.

KELLY (CONT'D)
We are extinct.

She gets up and walks quickly toward her exit.

AIDE
How far are you going to get, resisting all this?

STREET

Josh stands next to his humvee, hearing radio chatter.

RADIO VOICE
Break break break, all units prepare for contact.

Severson pulls up in his prisoner transport truck.

CROWD

Daniel watches the side exit. The door swings open, and Kelly comes out.

DANIEL
This is Foot, here we go-

CONTINUED: (3)

Kelly is kicked out of the door onto her face. She is flex-cuffed. Agents surround her and force her to her feet. She is retinal scanned.

Charlotte reports from outside, camera rolling.

CHARLOTTE
Ok, the police here are very agitated, and it looks like they've made an arrest...

LT GOMEZ
Time to go, girlie. Do not resist or you'll be eating my size 12s.

Kelly delivers a strong headbutt. Gomez yells and throws her down. Kelly scans the crowd and sees Daniel. She shakes her head. Shane, in position in the crowd, sees this.

SHANE
Nest is empty, HVI not on site, Hand is compromised. Abort, full abort.

A blue-bandana agent spots Shane and moves toward him, weapon drawn, coordinated with others. Shane and Jae split as Kelly gets dragged through the crowd to the rear. An officer strikes with a baton to clear a path.

CLASSROOM 2

Erik, watching the UAV feed, spots helicopters and armored convoys inbound. He drops the radio and laptop.

ERIK
Fucking tourist professor! Move.

CLASSROOM 1

Stack hears the call and tracks a target with his rifle.

CLASSROOM 2

Max picks up his rifle.

ERIK (CONT'D)
No, we walk.

DANIEL
(over radio)
Eyes, I still have visual on Hand. Send the Wheels.

CONTINUED: (4)

CROWD

Daniel watches Kelly being dragged away.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Eyes, copy?

He looks up to Emily. There is a rifle shot, and a blue-bandana agent goes down, blood gouting from a headshot.

Shane is briefly visible extracting himself from under the corpse. The crowd goes crazy.

RIOT COP
Shots fired! Move forward and make arrests!

CROWD

Daniel nods to Emily. She jumps onto a car with a bullhorn.

EMILY HUDSON
They took our homes! They took our liberty! They expect your obedience! Will they have it?

The crowd goes wild and starts to riot. Daniel nods to her, and she salutes him back as he moves off in Kelly's direction.

EMILY HUDSON (CONT'D)
Give me liberty, or give me-

Emily is shot through the chest and tumbles off the car. Faceless riot cops surge forward and the first helicopters arrive. Gunfire crackles.

Riot cops march through the crowd, beating people indiscriminately. An example is being made.

CLASSROOM 1

Stack rolls off the rifle. He and Chad prepare for contact. In the hallway, a squad of cops set off a tripwire grenade.

They fire into the smoke. Chad is enveloped. Stack escapes.

TRIBUNAL

Charlotte, reporting from the steps, cowers as blue-helmeted soldiers surge past her.

STREET

CONTINUED: (5)

Daniel dodges running people in the crowded street. Tanks rumble in, marked with UN flags.

DANIEL
(into radio)
Arm, this is Foot, do you copy?
Stack, you there?

Daniel rips out his radio earbud and runs.

STREET

Gomez hands Kelly off to Josh's squad. Johnson grabs her.

LT GOMEZ
Kelly Nikassi, VIP hit list!

LT RATHART
Excellent. Sergeant, put her in with the rest.

LT GOMEZ
Joint credit on the bust?

LT RATHART
That's the way it works.

Reardon takes her while Johnson gives her a red paint stripe. Daniel arrives and watches from across the street as Severson quickly stamps Kelly's hand with an RFID implant device.

JOHNSON
Get the fuck up there, princess.

Reardon pushes her into the back of the truck, which is already full of other dissenters.

LT RATHART
(into radio mic)
Centurion Main, Strongarm 3. We are en route to Centurion HQ with a fresh batch, over.

JOSH
Lieutenant, if these people have terrorist connections, we'd best not lead them to Martin.

LT RATHART
Good call.
(into radio)
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (6)

LT RATHART (CONT'D)
Break break break, correction, Strongarm 3 is heading toward auxillary CP 1-5 Alpha.

Josh watches Kelly pushed into the truck, followed by Severson. They lock eyes as he slams the gate shut.

CROWD

A DHS agent in the vehicle's turret activates the microwave weapon. The crowd disperses, shrieking. Jae pummels an enemy agent with a JKD move and disappears down an alley.

Shane makes it to a building corner. He grabs a long elastic roll with attached tinfoil, and screaming from the microwave heat, runs out with it. He pulls mightily on a rope attached to the middle, giving the roll a parabolic shape.

The tinfoil reflects the microwave energy back at the DHS vehicle. The screaming occupants try to escape the oven.

Shane collapses to his knees before the area in front of him ignites in a blinding flash.

CROWD

Jae tosses her weapons and gear into a dumpster and moves quickly down a sidewalk as the explosion echoes. Overhead, Blackhawk helicopters prowl. Tanks block every intersection.

EXT. CAMPUS BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Erik and Max step out, wearing their police disguises. A line of national guard soldiers sweep by.

Erik nods to Max after they pass, and he ducks into the street to escape.

After a moment's delay scrutinizing the uniform, two riot cops grab him. Max shoots one dead through his riot suit.

Erik lunges forward and sinks his knife into the riot cop's armpit as he raises his baton to strike Max. The cop's eyes go wide as the blade sinks in and they lock eyes. Erik realizes it's Tyrel. He snarls and yanks the blade out to a deluge of blood.

Erik hugs Max, checks him for injury. They leave the bodies.

STREET

Daniel follows the convoy down the street as it pulls away. He can't catch them.

CONTINUED:

Suddenly the red getaway van squeals to a halt in front of him, and the side door slides open.

STACK
Hop in, Captain.

INT. PRISONER TRANSPORT TRUCK A20 - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Kelly's hand bleeds from the RFID stamp. The prisoners in the truck wail and moan.

SEVERSON
Hey, shut up! You've been placed under arrest for violations of federal statutes under Executive Order 10221. You're being taken to a central collection facility where you'll be processed. Do not make this more difficult than it has to be. Do not ask me to let you out.

Severson locks eyes with her. Smirks with recognition. Kelly attempts a lunge at him. Johnson pushes her down.

She locks eyes with a terrified female teen.

INT. HUMVEE - DUSK

The sun is going down as Josh and Reardon are driving the humvee to the airport auxillary collection point. Josh logs prisoners from Severson's ipad info into the Blue Force Tracker's computer.

When Kelly's name comes up, he deletes Kelly's RFID tag number and changes the digits.

REARDON
What are you doing?

JOSH
I can't take her off the list, but I can make it so we'll never find her. We can't do this anymore, Kenny.

REARDON
I've got your six, sarn't.

INT. STEALTH TRUCK - DUSK

Daniel's group tails the convoy at a distance. Beyond them, a long line of tall railcars crawls away into the distance.

CONTINUED:

CHRISTIAN
Are we too close?

DANIEL
Probably.

STACK
Stay frosty, Captain. Even our enemies are still Americans. Josh Rountree is in that convoy.

EXT. AIRPORT INPROCESSING FACILITY - EVENING

Josh and his squad get out of the trucks at the entrance. Severson hops out of the truck. Guard towers are active under UN flags. Horns blare and lights blaze. A recorded voice barks instructions on a constant loop.

Severson approaches the gate, signaling the guards. He is intercepted by Josh.

JOSH
Listen. There's cargo here I'm taking with me.

SEVERSON
(holding manifest iPad)
They've been chipped and listed; I can't take them off.

LT RATHART
(in background)
Johnson, get this cargo off my truck.

Daniel crawls up to the bumper of the truck. He hides next to the bumper number - A20.

JOSH (CONT'D)
I'm taking her with me.

SEVERSON
I will not get my head sawed off for your indiscretion, *sergeant*.

Rathart and Johnson herd the group toward the gate. Choosing his moment, Daniel steps into the group, pretending to have his hands cuffed.

Rathart walks up with the manifest. Reardon, behind him, counts the tower guards and prepares for contact. Foreign UN advisors emerge from the gate, chattering in French.

CONTINUED:

SEVERSON (CONT'D)
(whispering)
You're going to go along with this, and we'll all get to wake up tomorrow.

LT RATHART
(stepping up, oblivious)
27 pax.

Severson and Josh stare at each other intently. In the crowd behind him, Daniel moves in behind Kelly, motioning for her silence, and stares at Severson. He works her small hands out of the plastic restraints.

LT RATHART (CONT'D)
Major Severson. 27 pax. Are you going to log these prisoners?

Josh silently throws off his weapon's safety. Long pause as Severson eyes the civilians, then seeing Daniel and Kelly.

SEVERSON
Bring them in.

The gate swings open while Johnson and York begin to push the line of prisoners forward. Josh is out of time.

JOSH
Goddamn it.

Josh snaps his rifle up, but Severson is ready. He knocks the rifle to the side and raises his pistol, but Josh knocks it to the side. It fires, killing wide-eyed Rathart.

Daniel pushes Kelly to the ground as the gate guards fire into the crowd. He covers her with his body. Reardon fires at the towers. Johnson and many of the civilians are hit. They disperse, screaming, hands still bound.

Gunfire and flares go off as Daniel crawls away from Kelly to get at Severson.

KELLY
Danny!

Daniel crawls forward, grabs Rathart's weapon, and hunts Severson through the smoke. Machine gun fire chews the dirt around him. Severson flees into the gate.

Dan rushes forward, shooting surprised UN foreign advisers in the entrance. Severson has disappeared.

CONTINUED: (2)

Daniel and Reardon blow through the collection point defenses, bounding and firing, killing anyone with a weapon.

Daniel spots Severson's iPad, glowing blue on the ground.

Kelly takes refuge behind a humvee. Johnson crawls toward her, bleeding and gasping. He is shot by the towers and dies.

Kelly snatches up his weapon and returns fire, taking out the tower gunner and knocking out a spotlight.

Josh is plunged into darkness, lit only by his flashing muzzle. He stops his advance and looks back. Reardon and Daniel continue the assault.

Kelly spots the teen prisoner cowering in the open and crawls out to her. Before she can get there, Josh finds her and pulls her away.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Wait! Danny!

Josh picks her up and runs. The teen is lost in the smoke.

The gunfire recedes as they run blindly through the airport field. C-130 airplanes land and take off around them.

They pass the runway and stop. Josh catches his breath.

JOSH
(panting)
Ah, fuck.

KELLY
Josh, are you going to be ok?

JOSH
Kelly, I need you to run toward those lights. Once you figure out where you are, get out of the city.

KELLY
What about Dan?

JOSH
Listen. You're a catch and release. I changed your track tag, but you must NOT get caught again. Ok?

KELLY
Aren't you coming?

Josh taps his RFID hand.

CONTINUED: (3)

JOSH
You stay safe, ok Mrs. Nikassi?

He picks up his rifle and disappears into the darkness.

She moves through the dark for a while, panting and blind, before tumbling straight to the bottom of a ditch - landing on something lumpy.

She suppresses a scream - she's in a body dump trench, heaped with corpses in civilian clothes and bound hands. Everything is coated in white lime powder.

She clambers over the pile and up the other side. She clambers over the edge and vomits, shaking.

Suddenly she is grabbed from behind - it's Daniel.

DANIEL
It's ok, angel. I got you.

KELLY
You left me!

Kelly tries to hit him, but he subdues her. She stops flailing, exhausted. The firefight is over.

KELLY (CONT'D)
I've just had the *worst* day.

Daniel looks down at the iPad. On it, he reads SEVERSON AO-098765, with A20 listed under the operating vehicles. A marked area of operations blinks on the map. He makes a note of the streets- HENNEPIN and 12th.

He stomps the iPad and kicks it into the body pit, followed by Kelly's marked coat.

At the perimeter fence, Christian peels open a hole so they can duck through. The stealth truck is waiting.

Stack is looking over the hood with a scoped rifle. Overhead, C130 troop transport planes come in for landing.

INT. OPS CENTER - NIGHT

The Coliseum flight ops center buzzes with activity - drone pilots, gunners, and officers move around banks of computers.

Specialist REGGIE JACKSON, a skinny black 24-year old, controls a drone. He looks at the devastation at the UofM protest site. The DHS DIRECTOR leans in behind him.

CONTINUED:

He's tailed by a burly security contractor, who smacks gum loudly, looking across the screen banks with an amused expression.

DHS DIRECTOR
Good kills, good kills.

Reggie can barely contain his disgust. The camera drifts, snaps out, zooms in at a parking lot.

DHS DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
It's past curfew, so watch for any movement.

INT. STEALTH TRUCK - NIGHT - LATER

They sit inside a vehicle-packed parking lot. Nearby another vehicle is burning. Kelly sleeps in Daniel's arms. Everyone whispers. Helicopters thump in the distance.

CHRISTIAN
What's next?

STACK
Fuck, what's even *left*?

DANIEL
(reciting from history)
Extended guerilla warfare. 3-5 man teams, decentralized command structure. 50-80 years, depending on who has more endurance and resources.

STACK
Nobody got more endurance than Six. We still on for getting him over the border?

Pause. Daniel looks at the new red RFID cut on Kelly's hand.

DANIEL
I know who to ask.

EXT. ABANDONED LOT - NIGHT - LATER

The stealth truck explodes in a sudden ripping fireball.

Across the lot, the group moves under an overpass and pulls up a sewer manhole cover. Christian hands Daniel a key.

CONTINUED:

CHRISTIAN
Hyatt, Room 702. I doubt there's any food or water up there, and I don't really have any answers for you on how to get more.

KELLY
Thank you.

CHRISTIAN
Mrs. Nikassi - you saved lives today. I hope you know that.

KELLY
I just wish we could have helped Dr. Martin.

She flips on a headlamp and heads down. Christian stops Daniel.

CHRISTIAN
Dan. There are rumors there's a lethal dose of cyanide in RFID capsules.

DANIEL
Jesus. Should I cut it out of her?

CHRISTIAN
All I can tell you is not to come up on anyone's radar. Even ours. Erik's going to blame you for what happened.

DANIEL
What?

CHRISTIAN
It's the resistance, man - none of us have the luxury of trust. Lay low, then make a break for one of the Free Zones, like Tennessee. If he finds you... he won't hesitate.

STACK
No one's gonna find you, Captain. I got your back.

UAV FEED - CONTINUOUS

CONTINUED: (2)

An IR feed from an overhead drone tracks the hot explosion. Visibility is difficult through the heat distortion - but two heat signatures emerging from the overpass are spotted, and followed.

EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC - NIGHT

Simeon and Dragan step off a private jet. Simeon's head is wrapped in a bandage, but he looks fine.

Garrett is waiting next to a luxury car. Garrett shakes his head, and Dragan barely contains his anger.

INT. LUXURY CAR - LATER

Simeon fixes his tie in the mirror. The car cruises through the streets of the city. Tanks are rolling.

Blue-helmeted soldiers are tossing the apartment buildings they pass, dragging people out.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. GNN STUDIO - DAY - OCTOBER 2013

In-studio interview. Charlotte is now the anchor.

SENATOR ULRIDGE
The purges have been an absolute success. Violent crime across all districts is down. Federal workers no longer fear to step outside. Gold, silver, cash, weapons - all banned, so any criminals trying to live outside the system are only too easy to isolate and root out. Being a terrorist is becoming impossible.

CHARLOTTE
To which Mr. Mialczarak can personally attest.

MIALCZARAK
Yes, your country was the most violent in the world before the success of the purges. I witnessed the savagery of the attack -

CHARLOTTE
...at your lavish weekend retreat, where the bones of a dozen children were reportedly found in cages.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The station manager looks up from a script, horrified.

SENATOR ULRIDGE
Planted by the terrorists to justify their murder-

CHARLOTTE
And this week marks three months of foreign intervention in the Midwest. But what I fail to understand, sir, is how an estimated 70,000 American civilians killed by UN troops can be described as peace keeping? How many graves will your peace require, sir?

Ulridge and Mialczarak stare icily. Long pause.

SENATOR ULRIDGE
There were terrorists here in your studio last July, and it was these purges that -

CHARLOTTE
Senator, please -

MIALCZARAK
No, I will answer the question. The illegal is frequently necessary, but the unconstitutional takes longer. The New Constitution dispels these individualistic notions that have perpetuated war and greed throughout man's history. Individual states must yield to an international authority in order to embrace peace. If humanity is to rise, we must let loose some, as you say, ballast.

SENATOR ULRIDGE
And dear, speaking of standing in graves - congratulations on your promotion.

LATER - OFF AIR

Charlotte storms away from the set.

STATION MANAGER
Jesus Christ! Charlotte, what are you doing?

CHARLOTTE
Nothing. It was a mistake.

CONTINUED: (2)

STATION MANAGER
You can't challenge a UN diplomat on the air! You want us to lose our grant?

CHARLOTTE
To who, TCT?

STATION MANAGER
They're watching us now. For the love of Christ, no more dead air. It's a very long fall from here.

Charlotte steps inside her office. She goes to her desk and sits down, surrounded with photos of her years in journalism.

She rifles through a stack of opened mail and finds a picture of Lance Ruckman, dead and hanging from a bridge overpass. A plywood message is attached to his chest, reading "A FALSE WITNESS WILL NOT GO UNPUNISHED," spray-painted in red.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Daniel looks out the window of the safe house at the street below, where a line of tanks and military trucks rumble by. Many are marked with red and blue bars. He makes a note on a time sheet.

KELLY
You're a university professor. I'm a hot shot defense attorney.

As the convoy passes below, gang members emerge from alleys. One gestures violently to the convoy. Daniel notes that they are all dressed in red.

DANIEL
And I can show you a parrot who can speak Spanish. We're all equally useful.

Daniel looks up to the sky. The weather is getting colder. A flock of geese glide easily south as sudden gunfire pops from the convoy below. Kelly is startled.

KELLY
People live in those buildings.

DANIEL
If life is cheap, it's because demand is low. Economics.

Kelly looks at him sadly. He tries to apologize. Can't.

CONTINUED:

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Hungry?

He pulls the blinds closed. Pulls two cans from his bag - all that's left of their food. The cans have no labels.

KELLY
Got any pickles?

DANIEL
Maybe. But you better let me handle this. I will now turn these two expired cans, found in this abandoned luxury hotel, into pure culinary excitement.

Daniel opens the cans with a can opener. There's a knife on the counter, but he doesn't touch it. He pushes the cans across the counter to her. Kelly waits patiently, expecting to share. Her stomach growls.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Go ahead.

She eats. He looks at her RFID scar, and imagines cutting into her to dig it out. She's looking at him. She knows. She pushes the knife over to him, and lays her hand on the table.

KELLY
Do it, Danny.

DANIEL
What?

KELLY
I'm ready. Do it, so we can get out of here. It'll hurt for a minute, and then... we can go.

Daniel gets up. Paces.

DANIEL
Kelly, I can't. You might die.

KELLY
It's just economics. Right?

DANIEL
No! Not you.

He sits down heavily. End of his rope.

CONTINUED: (2)

Kelly kneels down next to him. He holds her hand and looks at the RFID scar. Outside, distant gunfire again.

KELLY
It's alright. I'm not afraid.

DANIEL
Don't talk like that. Please.

KELLY
Okay.

She gets up and moves to another corner of the penthouse out of his sight, holding her belly and suppressing a moan.

INT. GRANT'S HOUSE - DAY

REPORTER #2
(background TV)
...anyone outside of the federal safe zone by October 20th -

Grant holds a blue letter. Words like DUTY and TERRORISTS pop out. Their 16-year old kid dully plays a game on his tablet. The rest of the house shows signs of the collapse.

RACHEL
Grant. You don't have to do it.

Grant looks around - open daily rations box on the table. Yes, he does.

EXT. CONVERTIBLE - DAY

A bright hot summer day. Daniel and Kelly drive through the countryside, the top down. Kelly's hair flies in the wind.

INT. CESSNA AIRCRAFT - NIGHT

POV THE SIX

PILOT
Final approach.

The Six and Matt fly in low over a dark highway. It's dotted with campfires and what looks like mass open graves.

Six' hands are identifiable by his forearm scars. He holds the captured red book delicately. He's been reading it.

PILOT (CONT'D)
Oh, shit.

CONTINUED:

He indicates a flaring house fire below when a sudden loud SMACK rips through the cabin, and the plane plunges.

Next to Six, Matt is clutching at his lower half - split by whatever hit them. They can't see the ground and hit quickly.

The Six crawls from the wreckage, legs twisted, book still in his hands. On a nearby hilltop, Dumont's house is in flames.

A silhouette approaches, warping and growing. It's Dragan, holding a .50cal rifle.

THE SIX
(weakly)
You limp fuckups couldn't do anything to a Patriot on his feet.

Dragan takes the book from Six' fingers, then pulls a brutal serrated knife. Behind Dragan, tall dark shapes loom.

DRAGAN
Then stand now.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Daniel and John are lying under a stretched out space blanket. The woods are glowing as if burning. They are sweating heavily, lying very still.

DANIEL
Where are we?

JOHN
Somewhere beneath the astral plane.

John leans over to look at him.

JOHN (CONT'D)
That one's NoFX.

DANIEL
Christ, it's hot.

John laughs.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Where are we going?

JOHN
The Stray Gate, buddy. The Stray Gate. Shhh. We're being hunted. Only hours left now.

CONTINUED:

Scared, Daniel rolls over to find -

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Kelly reaches for Daniel in the dark.

She pulls his head to her chest. He can hear her heart. He calms down. Kelly shakes in her restless sleep.

A helicopter searchlight stabs into the room. Flashes from a not-too-distant battle throw striped color against the walls. The rattle and boom of gunfire echoes through the streets.

In the corner, the dark haired woman crouches. She smiles at him.

KELLY
(exhausted murmur)
Are we safe?

Daniel sits up and wraps her head in his arms so she can't see or hear. He is exhausted and sick too, but lets her sleep while he keeps watch. Tears streak his face.

The dark haired woman has disappeared.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - MORNING

Daniel sits on the side of the bed, digging in his bag. He pulls out a handful of silver and gold coins. He takes them out, shaking his head at how worthless they are now. The coins and his pistol are left on the floor.

A small object goes into his pocket. He tries to sneak out.

KELLY
Please don't go.

She reaches for his hand, eyes still closed.

Daniel stands to go, and her hand drifts off of his. Taking one last second to turn and look at her, he closes the door.

INT. SAFE HOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

Daniel peeks through the open doorway. Hallway looks clear.

He steps out and shuts the door quietly. He camouflages the door with junk from the hallway and ties a red bandana to his sleeve.

CONTINUED:

He makes it down the stairs to the lobby, where he leans against the wall, brings his dirty hands to his eyes and sobs quietly.

He slowly regains control. He pulls the RFID Pirate bottle out of his pocket. He hesitates before applying a drop to the back of his hand.

A sound - the lobby is not empty. A homeless family is sitting quietly in the corridor. They look dully back at him.

The father, much younger than Daniel, is helping his five-year old son defecate into a bucket. He whimpers in pain. They have ugly homemade-surgery scars on their RFID hands.

Daniel turns and leaves the other way, covering his mouth. He tosses the empty bottle in a corner.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Daniel steps into the light, blinking. Dead cars litter the sidewalk - the street has been bulldozed clear for patrols. He checks his time sheet - he is clear.

Two dirty black kids scoop water from a gutter puddle. As he walks past them, they scamper. He approaches a barrier.

A cargo truck loaded with blue-jacketed Civilian Work Brigade personnel cruises out from the Safe Zone border. The red bandana comes off and he steps through a mobile body scanner.

Well-dressed people, mostly white, populate the shopping district, chattering and laughing.

EXT. CHRISTIAN STETLER'S HOUSE - DAY

Christian parks his bike in front of his house.

Across the street, a black SUV idles with two burly agents sitting up front. They watch him, not bothering to hide.

INT. CHRISTIAN STETLER'S HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Christian puts his back to the door. Is he compromised? His wife is in the kitchen and Stack plays with the kids in the living room.

They both look up. After a moment, they know.

They begin to quickly and calmly prepare, the news playing in the background.

INT. FEMA SUPPLY HOUSE - DAY

Daniel's empty bag is thrust back into his hands by a guard, having been searched. Inside, the shelves are mostly empty.

Other guards watch the line as Daniel tries to blend back into it. A large screen over checkout barks about domestic terrorism, and offers tips on how to support the government.

One by one, the customers pass their hands under a scanner, checking out. A federal worker passes them a ration kit, and then a blue receipt.

MAN
This is it? I have three kids!

CASHIER
Move along.

As Daniel's next in line, the worker looks up at him and then back down. Did she just hit an alert button? An armed FEMA guard comes over.

Daniel, trapped by the line behind him and the guard in front of him, has no choice. He moves forward, and scans his hand.

The worker hands him his blue receipt.

He grabs his things and moves toward the door, checking his supplies - a few units of freeze-dried food, some OTC drugs.

The screen begins the daily news. A mechanical squeal precedes the image of bodies in army uniforms being dumped off a scaffold into a dump truck.

Everyone in the store stops and looks up. A small crowd gathers around Daniel, looking up at the screen.

REPORTER
DHS authorities remind us the consequences of domestic terrorism. Charlotte, back to you.

CHARLOTTE
This is.. this is...

Charlotte takes a breath and sits up straight.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
I am Charlotte Bannister, loyal media mouthpiece for establishment propaganda.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The other news anchor laughs nervously.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
(quickly)
Chad, I'm sorry. If you or anyone else who matters is listening - federal air and armored units were drawn out from Minneapolis this morning by resistance fighters in Elba. Federal headquarters at the Coliseum is vulnerable. They won't tell you, but the revolution is being fought right now!

Daniel moves away from the crowd, stuffing the rations away.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
Tell the 3 percent.

The message is cut. Daniel bursts out of the door.

INT. CHRISTIAN STETLER'S HOUSE - DAY

TV continues with the commercial.

The door is kicked in and black-suited agents sweep in. Stack closes himself into the refrigerator, which has been hollowed out.

The family labrador yelps and is shot dead immediately. Dragan strolls calmly in.

DRAGAN
Cargo in the living room, please.

An agent puts a suitcase-sized object onto the wall, which begins to emit a low pulsing sound. Dragan relaxes on a soft chair.

Christian, his wife, and three kids are dragged into the living room. One mercenary hands Dragan a baggie of pills.

MERCENARY
Almost escaped.

In the background, the TV broadcasts commercials.

DRAGAN
I suppose you heard the news. The war is coming.

Dragan shakes the baggie in Christian's face.

CONTINUED:

DRAGAN (CONT'D)
But don't you worry about that.

Christian says nothing. Behind him, the mercenary observes the briefcase-object on the wall. It has rendered a sonar-layout and shows the locations of everyone inside the house.

MERCENARY
Got him.

Dragan pulls a knife and leans over Christian as the mercenaries prepare to open the fridge.

DRAGAN
You will probably survive this.

EXT. LIGHT RAIL PLATFORM - NIGHT

Daniel moves through the crowd with his blue receipt on display. A guard glances, sees the blue, and looks on to the next person.

INT. LIGHT RAIL - EVENING

Daniel sits on the nearly empty light rail. In one hand, he holds the idol. In the other, the militia's prepaid phone.

INSERT SHOT: Daniel running through the forest as if pursued. He looks back-

Daniel turns in his seat. He's back to back with John.

DANIEL
Back from the dead, are you?

JOHN
Turns out death isn't the end. It's more of a corner.

DANIEL
I wonder if The Six agrees.

John hangs his head. He looks utterly exhausted.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Find what you were looking for in the Grove? Your imaginary villain?

JOHN
I was looking in the wrong place.

Outside, the lights from the Coliseum throw light off the low-hanging clouds. The defenses are massive; impenetrable.

CONTINUED:

DANIEL
I know what you've done, John. The people you've killed. And since we met again, you used me as bait, let me get arrested, got Six killed, and now Kelly is starving in a high rise luxury hotel.

JOHN
I'm sorry, Daniel. I didn't know what else to do.

DANIEL
Look at you. Conquering fear.

John takes the insult.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Whatever you want, get it from someone else. I know my enemy, because I can see him. I don't need you anymore.

Daniel takes this in as transit security moves dully down the aisle. Daniel stands to go.

JOHN
Then just take Kelly and go.

DANIEL
If you won't lead, someone has to.

He hands the idol to John.

JOHN
You know what the Babylonians called this? They envisioned the beginning of creation as a hazy gray state of chaos, a gloom that was nothing in itself and yet contained the potential of all things. And now the end is close, so close.

The light rail squeals to a stop.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Take care, Dan.

After a final look, John steps off, mingling with the crowd. Daniel looks down. Etched into the seat: "EVOLVE OR DIE."

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Daniel stands, naked and emaciated, in the open living room of the penthouse, doing pistol dryfire routines by muscle memory. The blinds are thrown open. Distant helicopters stab searchlights around the city. He stares out.

Kelly limps in behind him, very sick. She toes the box of rations that sits on the floor like an offering.

DANIEL
We will not die in a cage.

Kelly looks around. This IS a cage.

KELLY
What's the reason to live, if this is all there is?

DANIEL
Not this *soul* bullshit again.
(points to window)
That's all we have. Nothing else. Everyone who believed anything else is dead.

She holds his hand to her heart.

KELLY
Then what is this? I love you. You hear me, you stubborn fucking meathead? I love you.

Pause. He's got her.

DANIEL
Love is secular, not sacred. It's a chemical reaction in your brain.

A tear squeezes from her eye. His hand slides off of her chest. She retreats to the bedroom, stomach cramping.

KELLY
Maybe that's all *death* is.

Daniel returns to his pistol dryfire routine. The skyline in front of him flashes and burns. It's a war zone.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAWN

John moves at a brisk pace down the street, keeping to the shadows thrown by the numerous fires.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nagi falls into step behind him at an interval while Skan keeps pace on the other side of the street. They head to the river, dodging tanks rumbling on corners.

JOHN
She's gotten too strong. This is something he has to do himself, but there isn't any more time.

SKAN
Time is one of the white man's inventions, Wanikiya. We don't need it. We know where the gate is.

JOHN
We may have all the time in the world. But he does not.

They reach the river bank. Brilliant pink light grows in the sky as pause by the bank. The new light twinkles across the water, which is choked with vehicles, debris, and bodies.

The light falls on John's face. The Indians are shocked by what they see in him, and sense what he's encountered.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(utterly exhausted)
Look. The last sunrise.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Daniel is still standing by the window, but now dressed and loaded up. His demeanor has changed. His eyes are unfamiliar.

He leaves the safe house as the sun comes up.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Daniel walks down the street in the safe zone, thumbing Christian's prepaid phone. A work gang clears road rubble.

A plane arcs overhead, spreading a thick white contrail. Below, he sees people going about their business, chatting on phones and eating at delis. He scowls. A nearby dog pauses from eating trash and growls at him.

Down the road, he stops under crossed street signs - Hennepin and 12th. Nearby is a parking ramp.

He snaps in the phone battery and looks at the block letter code. Resolves it in his head, and dials.

CONTINUED:

DANIEL
Come and get it, motherfuckers.

INT. MRAP VEHICLE - DAY

Severson rides shotgun with Garrett - both are dressed in black uniforms. Severson wears a sky-blue UN beret, and has been promoted to LT Colonel.

SEVERSON
(into radio)
Corner of Hennepin and 12th. Take him from both sides. This one's dangerous.

They drive around the corner and spot Daniel. He watches them, and then disappears into the mouth of a parking ramp.

INT. PARKING RAMP

Max aims a rifle through a hole in the gate of a truck parked in the ramp. Armored vehicles squeal to a stop in front of the ramp. A parked vehicle partially blocks the entrance.

MAX
MRAP and a prisoner truck just pulled up. He's coming right toward us.

SHANE
There's no dope at this range.

Shane and Erik sit up front. Erik looks down at a cell phone - 1 MISSED CALL.

Severson, Garrett, and other agents spill out of the trucks. People on the sidewalk jump to the side.

GARRETT
Get on your face!

SHANE
Wait. Target of opportunity - Positive ID on Severson.

Erik peeks up to look, scrutinizing.

ERIK
Severson?

MAX
Should I switch targets?

CONTINUED:

Daniel looks over at Max, Erik, making a pistol sign with his hand as Garrett moves to arrest him. Erik scowls at Severson's UN beret.

MAX (CONT'D)
Dad?

ERIK
Do it.

Max aims low and fires. Severson drops from a leg shot. The shot echoes and civilians scatter, screaming.

Daniel kicks Garrett in the knee, breaking his leg. He seizes his pistol and quickly engages the agents at close range - shooting with his left hand.

The MRAP's machine gun spins toward them, seeking a target. Shane hops up and puts a rifle round through the IR sensor. The MRAP reverses in panic and gets stuck on abandoned cars.

Daniel pokes the muzzle of his pistol underneath Garrett's body armor and fires into his guts. He grabs Severson and hauls him to the mouth of the parking ramp.

Erik spins the truck around as Max gets up in the bed. They zoom to the mouth of the parking ramp and spin into the path of the blind, stuck MRAP. They engage the remaining soldiers.

Shane drives a homemade wedge into the MRAP rear doors, locking the helpless driver and TC inside.

A small crowd of shoppers stands nearby like stunned deer, watching their security thrashed by these dirty fighters.

Max covers Severson and an injured soldier. The MRAP's crew, locked in, try desperately to angle rifle barrels through firing ports as Shane sets up an EFP explosive in front of the MRAP.

Daniel viciously pistol-whips Severson nearly unconscious.

DANIEL
Remember me?

Severson hangs his head - words are useless and he knows it. Daniel forces him inside the back of the prisoner truck.

Shane walks up as the MRAP tries to escape from its position. Its wheels spin helplessly. He readies a detonator.

The group is gathered - waiting for orders.

CONTINUED: (2)

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Victory or the wall.

Erik nods, impressed, and forces the soldier into the truck. The well-dressed and well-fed crowd gawks.

Daniel crawls into the back. Daniel squats in the dark in an animalistic crouch, looking at Severson. Max follows him in.

The truck rumbles off. There is a deafening explosion and cloud of debris as Shane triggers the EFP. Daniel creeps towards Severson.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Kelly opens the ration package. She ignores the food, and finds a bottle of sleeping pills.

She carries a water bladder, moving toward the window to see outside.

She sighs, and dumps the bottle of pills into her hand. Stomach pain seizes her again, and she holds her belly.

Something occurs to her. She sees herself in the window's reflection - there is a small bump on her belly.

Long pause. The city below her burns. Gunfire is popping.

She drops the pills and sits down in a zen-like position, holding her belly. She looks out the window and up to the sky, smiling with wonder.

INT. SUV - DAY

Dragan is driving. The SUV screams past the burning wreck of the MRAP.

INT. PRISONER TRANSPORT TRUCK A20 - DAY

POV SEVERSON

Blackness. Screaming.

A blade slowly pulls out of Severson's belly. He screams.

Max and Daniel stand over him in the back of the prisoner truck as it bounces along. They're now wearing army uniforms. Daniel leans in close.

DANIEL
Max, hold him.

CONTINUED:

Flash of the blade. Daniel slices Severson's inner thigh. There is an immediate jet of blood as Severson screams.

SEVERSON
No! Oh my God!

DANIEL
You have 30 seconds before you lose consciousness, and your heart will stop in 3 minutes.

SEVERSON
Tourniquet. Please.

DANIEL
"Please, don't do this. Please, sir. Please let us out."

Severson shudders and gasps. Max is shocked by the violence.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Listen carefully, you fucking rat. It's done. In a few minutes you'll be added to the pile, forgotten forever. Shhh, now, shhh. It could have been worse.

SEVERSON
I'm sorry. They had my... my...

Severson begins to blink slowly. He's bleeding out. Daniel leans in close and whispers.

DANIEL
Hey. This isn't about information. Look up. Look at me.

Severson looks. His breath slows. Behind him, Max' lip trembles. A tear streaks his dirty face.

Daniel sees Max. Looks down at the knife and puts it away. Severson dies, eyes open.

EXT. COLISEUM - DAY

POV JOSH

Josh slumps in a prisoner transport cage, his hands tied and head covered with a black sack. The truck hits a bump and wakes him up. Swelling sound of a crowd. Echoing loud voice giving a speech.

CONTINUED:

JOSH
Anyone else in here?

REARDON (O.S.)
Yeah, Josh.

JOSH
Where are we?

VASQUEZ (O.S.)
The fuck, man. Qué la chingada están haciendo a nosotros?

The cage clatters. A voice yells at them in Chinese.

The truck squeals to a stop. The crowd's chatter picks up. Light spills into the truck as the back tarp is thrown off. The crowd cheers.

The cages are opened and prisoners are led off. As Josh's cage is opened, he is hauled to his feet. Josh can see a little bit through the sack. At the edge of the truck bed, he trips and falls off.

The crowd sounds huge. It is swelling with noise. Josh is hauled to his feet and forced into a line. He bumps into Reardon from behind.

REARDON (O.S.)
(quietly)
I think we're at the Coliseum.

Vasquez chokes back a sob. There is a voice in Chinese, and they are pushed forward. The crowd gets closer as they walk toward it.

The prisoner's hoods are yanked off. Most of Josh's platoon, and others in civilian clothes, are in a line moving toward the bottom of a large scaffold erected in the Coliseum.

VASQUEZ
No, man, I didn't do nothin! Soy inocente, I didn't do nothin!

Vasquez breaks out of line. A guard shoots Vasquez through the side of the face. He falls, gurgling. The guard squats next to him and cuts his throat. Another guard stomps his head with his boot.

They are led past Vasquez' gasping body and up the scaffold. They are stopped short of the top and a guard separates Reardon from the man in front of him.

CONTINUED: (2)

GUARD
You wait.

The rest are led to the top. Josh and the others cannot see what is going on, but soon there is a loud mechanical screech as the crowd cheers.

A moment later, They see 10 bodies tumble off the front of a scaffold into the back of a dump truck below. Reardon, in front of Josh, shakes with fear. He pisses his pants.

The guard grabs Reardon and pulls him forward. It's their turn.

They reach the top and see the DEVICE. It's a medieval stock with slots for ten victims, and a circular saw blade on one end. At the front, loudly addressing the crowd, is a masked figure in white robes. Reardon's knees go weak and he is grabbed and pulled forward, everyone else following.

Their heads are locked into the stocks, their toes struggling for purchase. Their hands are cut free.

The priest in the white robes raises his arms, and the crowd settles. He indicates to a man near the mechanical saw device. It's Grant. The men in the stocks beat their hands against their restraints, trying to free themselves.

JOSH
Kenny... I'm -

PRIEST
Decapitate the heretics.

Grant looks at his feet - and pulls the lever.

The saw speeds rapidly, creating a shrill screech before being released. It races along the front end of the stocks, slicing throats, before stopping at the other end.

Some bodies are decapitated and fall off the scaffold. Others dangle as Chinese soldiers walk the line, finishing the job with knives. The heads remain in the stocks. Josh does not die quickly. The crowd's cheering swells to a loud chant.

CROWD
War. War. War. War.

INT. VIP BOX - COLISEUM - CONTINUOUS

Simeon watches, his red book opened in front of him. He slowly raises his arms, as if in offering.

CONTINUED:

In the crowd below, doctors in lab coats sort the bodies for organ harvesting.

INT. PRISONER TRANSPORT TRUCK A20 - EVENING

Daniel opens his eyes as if waking up. Max is busy over Severson's body. A pool of blood snakes from the corpse of Severson along the floor, working its way toward Daniel. Max turns to Daniel.

MAX
Captain.

He gives him Severson's bloody rank patch. A trophy.

Daniel looks it over in his hands, which are filthy, cracked, and bloody. He thumbs his wedding ring, which is coated with blood. As it slides down his emaciated finger, it reveals the only clean spot on his hand.

DANIEL
Max...

MAX
I'm sorry, sir. Next time I won't hesitate.

Daniel puts his hands to his temples in visible pain. The truck comes to a stop.

SOLDIER (O.S.)
Come on, man, you don't have to do this. No, please, don't -

There is a muffled shot. Footsteps. The flap is thrown open. Erik looks from Daniel to Max, then sees Severson's rank in Daniel's hand. Erik has his own trophy - a SWAT patch from Tyrel. He offers Daniel his hand.

ERIK
Alright, Patriot.

They get out. They are in a vast federal motor pool surrounded by hundreds of prisoner transport trucks. It has started to rain. They leave the body in the truck.

INT. CHRISTIAN STETLER'S HOUSE - EVENING

Dragan reclines in Christian's living room, smoking. Rain on the windows. His hands are a mess.

CONTINUED:

DRAGAN
I recognize you. From your pirate broadcast.

He drags on a cigarette.

DRAGAN (CONT'D)
We're not so different, you know? Just guns for hire. Maybe the guy who works for the ones with the most money wins. I don't know.

He snubs the cigarette out. Pats Stack's boot

DRAGAN (CONT'D)
But whatever. In the end, you do what you believe. Am I right?

Stack lies on the floor, limbs tied to the furniture, surrounded by evidence of waterboarding and torture. He breathes his last, eyes glazing. Christian is propped on the couch, tourniquets on his arm and leg stumps. His eyes are still moving.

DRAGAN (CONT'D)
Well. I've got some friends to find.

Dragan stands. Nods in salute to Christian. Outside, his guys fire up the SUVs.

EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT (OP 93) - NIGHT

There has been a fight. Two hundred militia, army Rangers, and others in combat gear salvage weapons off of smoking humvees. Some are getting nooses ready.

There are a dozen dead national guard troops laid out in a row along the wall under tarps, their boots stripped off. Daniel, Erik, and Max go inside the church.

INT. CHURCH (OP 93) - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The interior is stripped down to a utilitarian hull. They pass a militia triage and go into the sanctuary.

A crowd gathers, ages from 10-60, male and female. Everyone is in some stage of desperate hunger, many armed with Six' 3d printed guns. Captured food supplies are being distributed. The injured scream in pain.

Chad is hardly recognizable in combat gear. His RFID hand has an ugly scar on it. A Ranger Captain bustles in.

CONTINUED:

CHAD
This hotel's serving as officer barracks. Motor pool below. Perimeter defenses are low, but there are still two UN companies and a National Guard battalion. Plus assorted private security.

RANGER CAPTAIN
Who are you? Where's Josh Rountree?

Erik steps to the table with Daniel. There is a massive city map spread out with battle lines being drawn.

ERIK
He died at the Coliseum. He didn't talk.

Pause. It's clear these guys knew Josh.

RANGER CAPTAIN
What about blue forces?

CHAD
We lost contact with the Robbinsdale division. St. Louis Park was taken this morning. Everything outside of the safe zone is being scorched. They're hunting us down.

RANGER CAPTAIN
So let's get found. How many locals on point?

ERIK
We've got four three-man teams.

RANGER SERGEANT
Christ, twelve guys?

ERIK
The army may have learned a lot in the east, sergeant, but nothing that'll be useful on our turf. Especially after Anonymous hacks their comms.

RANGER CAPTAIN
We'll take up overwatch in these buildings, then take the center together.
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

RANGER CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
If we can take out the ops center and lock down the field as an LZ, we drop in our ARF and by tomorrow we'll have the support of 160th and 5th Group. This is a fat opportunity for some payback. This will cripple NORTHCOM HQ, leaving District Five wide open for our influence.

ERIK
That's all your business, Captain. I'm just here for the kills.

The Captain glares. But time is short.

RANGER SERGEANT
This is suicide! Even without armor or air, that's an entire NORTHCOM battle group!

CHAD
It doesn't matter! I was at the coast. I was in DC. If we don't at least try, we will never be remembered.

Daniel sees a young Patriot father standing with his wife by his side. They are grim but committed.

The group prepares to leave. Daniel sets Severson's rank patch onto the table and backs away.

RANGER CAPTAIN
If this is the last gasp of American liberty, let's make it loud. Max out ammo and rations. Anything left behind gets burned.

Chad appears behind Daniel. They look at each other.

CHAD
Get out of here, Danny boy. You might still make it.

DANIEL
Come with me.

Chad shakes his head.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
You know what's there.

CONTINUED: (3)

CHAD
(nods)
If Kelly was in there, you'd go too.

He leans in.

CHAD (CONT'D)
That's your girl, Danny. You take her and get the fuck out.

They have nothing left to say. Daniel slips out.

EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT (OP 93) - NIGHT

A half dozen National Guard soldiers standing on top of a car with their arms tied and nooses around their necks.

Erik, the militia leaders, and the Ranger Captain array themselves in front of the prisoners. A hasty tribunal.

Daniel works his way out of the parking lot past burning perimeter defenses as the Ranger Captain walks the line, pulling the enlisted men out.

RANGER CAPTAIN
(to prisoners)
Officers of the United States Armed Forces - you will be tried on the grounds of treason. The verdict will be decided now.

Shane and Jae block Daniel's path. Shane has a crude eye patch.

RANGER CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
You have collaborated with foreign occupiers, violated your oaths and committed acts of war on American soil, against American civilians. Citizens in attendance bear witness to your guilt.

There is a roar from the crowd.

RANGER CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
The penalty for treason is death. The sentence will be carried out immediately.

The car drives forward. The officers drop.

CONTINUED:

SHANE
Go on, Dan.

RANGER CAPTAIN
You enlisted men - pick a side.

Daniel slips away, ditching his gear and pistol as the enlisted National Guard soldiers join the militia.

ERIK
(shouting to the crowd)
Never forget that you are Patriots!

The crowd screams in a frenzy, many shaking with fear as they board captured trucks. Daniel runs into the night as the rain pours.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Daniel, wears the red bandana and sprints through the street, which has turned dangerous. Buildings are on fire as Chinese and Belgian troops roll through in tanks, shooting into buildings at gangs. Scorched earth.

Checkpoints lie abandoned. New bodies hang. Gang members wearing red run everywhere, but Daniel blends in.

He nears the safe house. Across the street, he sees a robotic ground vehicle walk into a building, launching gas canisters.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Kelly opens her eyes and looks up into a bright light. Her hand is grabbed and scanned.

The device flashes red. She closes her eyes as rough gloved hands seize her.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Daniel takes the back door into the safe house. It's smoking. Outside the lobby windows, prisoner trucks have just begun to rumble away.

DANIEL
Oh no. No no no.

Rashid suddenly pops up, brandishing an AK47.

RASHID
(eyeing the red bandana)
What fuck you doin, white man?
C'mere.

CONTINUED:

He pulls Daniel behind cover. The gangs are fighting the UN.

RASHID (CONT'D)
Is you American, man?

There is an explosion of concrete as Belgian soldiers move in to. Daniel is kicked and dragged to his feet.

The Belgian Captain deliberates. He has racial sympathies.

BELGIAN CAPTAIN
Tirer sur les Noirs.

The soldiers separate Daniel, and prepare to shoot the gang members. The captain cuffs Daniel and leads him to the truck. Rashid offers a one-finger salute before they are all shot.

BELGIAN CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
I do not like this pacification, how you say, program. We will soon bring you to the collection point. Better alive than dead, yes?

Bag over the head. He is forced into the back of the truck.

INT. U.N. TRUCK - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

POV DANIEL

Daniel's face is covered. The two Belgians try to raise someone on the radio, but it's not working.

BELGIAN CAPTAIN
Attendez, arrêtez!

A sudden violent explosion stops the truck.. Daniel fumbles for the door latch. Gunfire crackles outside.

As he tries to get the door open, it is opened for him and he tumbles out onto the ground, coughing.

JAE
Hold up - one of ours.

She sits Daniel up and takes the bag off his head as the humvee's driver and captain are pulled out, on fire, and shot. Shane tosses a used detonator.

SHANE
That didn't take long.

DANIEL
They took Kelly.

CONTINUED:

SHANE
They've taken everyone, man.

Jae hands him a Belgian rifle.

JAE
Welcome back, Captain.

INT. OPS CENTER - NIGHT

Officers around the TOC mess with radios. Contractors and people in work brigade jackets mill about.

OFFICER 1
Director, all comms are down.

DHS DIRECTOR
Something's up - Arm JDAMs and move Predators into attack patterns over the city.

Suddenly screens fizzle out, and the Anonymous logo replaces the readouts with the words WE TOLD YOU TO EXPECT US. Reggie looks at his desk, thinking rapidly.

INT. CITY HOTEL - NIGHT

Well-dressed government men mingle with a blue-bereted US and UN officers in the lavish hotel restaurant, chatting pleasantly and dining on fine cuisine.

Sudden suppressed gunfire crackles throughout the restaurant and lobby as militia and camouflaged rangers sweep in, shooting everybody. There is only light resistance.

Erik moves in, huge arms and tattoos bristling.

ERIK
No open caskets!

There is a furious room-to-room battle, as DHS, FEMA men in suits, and UN alike are hunted down and executed.

Daniel finds body armor and pulls it on.

INTERCUT HOTEL/OPS CENTER/PARKING LOT/CITY STREET

Max and army Ranger snipers deploy in the upper floors, taking up overwatch positions on the Coliseum. Erik and Max trade final looks. Max is to stay here.

CONTINUED:

A Ranger platoon hustles an 81mm mortar section to the roof and begin laying in. Below them, more Rangers commandeer an Abrams tank in the parking lot.

Militia place more EFP explosives in dead cars, angling down empty streets, waiting for enemy armor. All along the street, militia prepare for the attack. Shane sets an EFP and signals to Daniel, who signals behind him to the Ranger Captain.

On the hotel roof, mortar rounds are hung in the tubes. Snipers acquire targets milling about in the parking lot and op center. A pair of enemy tanks idle near the gate.

The Captain walks into the street and pops a flare.

The Ranger sergeant on the roof signals for the mortars. Rounds thump in tubes.

There is a long pause as the troops wait for the blasts.

All at once, rounds impact all across the gate and parking lot. The Ranger tank rounds the hotel corner, firing into the closest tank. Gunfire explodes across the lines as the 2nd tank is taken out.

Jae leads her squad across the street and through the gap behind the Ranger tank as it crashes through the fence, crushing the gate.

On the roof, the mortar squad switches ammo.

RANGER SERGEANT
Load Willie P.

Shane watches as Jae and her whole squad are cut down in a burst of gunfire. The Ranger tank is knocked out.

DANIEL
This is all we have left! Push!

The whole militia line surges across the street and into the lot as snipers and mortars open fire. Shane finds Jae on the ground as the nearby tank's ammo ignites, flames shooting out from hatch and cannon. Friendlies across the battlefield wear red chemlights for ID. The advance looks like a rave through Max' night vision.

Militia swarm enemy vehicles, dropping molotov cocktails down turrets. Flares, flashes, screaming.

Max's bullets find targets as more militia and Rangers push into the parking lot.

CONTINUED: (2)

He spots a line of enemy troops advancing behind an armored truck and knocks them all out, from back to front.

MAX
..twenty-six... twenty-seven...

White Phosphorus mortars impact, burning the humvee and everyone around it. Max' eyes go blank from the carnage.

INT. OPS CENTER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Overhead, predator drones look down at the battle.

DHS DIRECTOR
Sensors, beam riders off, just glass that line! The whole line!

Reggie throws his headset and gets up.

DHS DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
The fuck are you doing, specialist?

Reggie rushes at the director, knocking him to the ground, pummeling him as hard as he can. He is yanked up from behind by the burly security contractor.

EXT. COLISEUM PARKING LOT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Jae lies on the ground, intestines bulging from an abdominal wound. Shane packs the wound with Kerlix from his med pouch.

JAE
Ah, shit.

He uses a ratchet strap around her torso and cinches up her body armor. Around them, weapons are salvaged off of enemies.

SHANE
Can you walk?

JAE
You should see me *dance*.

Shane laughs, and kisses her. He pulls her to her feet, and they join Daniel, heading toward the ops center.

INT. OPS CENTER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Lights, sparks, and smoke - the militia assaults through the ops center, killing indiscriminately. Jae and Shane annihilate a bank of drone operators. Work brigade stooges go down as Daniel pushes into the room.

CONTINUED:

The big security contractor comes up, slamming Daniel with an elbow. Daniel drives him into the wall with his body, and beats him repeatedly with the butt of his rifle. He follows up with a double-tap as the Director cowers on the ground.

DHS DIRECTOR
No, please -

Chad rams his rifle into the director's mouth and fires.

Reggie lies dead nearby. Shane tosses an incendiary grenade as they move out.

EXT. COLISEUM PARKING LOT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

They emerge from the ops center. A red smoke grenade guides in Chinook helicopters landing in the parking lot, disgorging more Rangers, who run to the entrance. Chad, Erik, Daniel, and a ragtag group join them.

RANGER CAPTAIN
This is your fucking home. Hold it.

Jae, going pale, slumps against the wall. Shane holds her.

Rangers set up a door charge. Erik throws Daniel the detonator.

ERIK
Prisoners are on the field.

Daniel detonates the door charge. He is the first one inside.

INT. COLISEUM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Auxiliary lights flicker as the teams push inside. They pass rooms used for torture and execution. Cells. Furnaces.

They move under sporadic shooting from security contractors. Erik's team engages them. Daniel resolutely pushes toward the field. Chad and a few others follow him.

The field is completely compartmentalized with cages housing thousands of emaciated prisoners. Daniel is met with a salvo of accurate sniper fire. Militia men around him go down.

Daniel does not stop. He runs toward the cages.

The people in the cages retreat from him - even in this state, still afraid to be associated with terrorists.

Prisoner trucks loom over the tops of the cages. Daniel sprints toward them.

CONTINUED:

As he rounds the corner, he is shot at by a guard. He stumbles behind crates, then re-emerges at ground level and shoots the soldier. Gets up and runs.

He looks in all the cages he passes. He cannot find Kelly. Suddenly he sees Colin Martin sitting in a cage. Martin looks up at him, filthy and starving. He smiles sadly at Daniel.

CHAD
Dan, I -

A burst of gunfire - Chad goes down and Daniel is shot through his right arm.

A shriek overhead - fighter jets. Holes punch through the cloth canopy, and munitions impact on the field. Heavy white clouds roil from the impact areas.

DANIEL
No. No. Kelly!

Daniel crawls on his face toward the trucks, until Shane grabs him from behind. Madness ensues as the heavy sarin gas cloud roils slowly to the ground. Other militia join them.

Shane continues to pull him out, applying a gas mask to his head as he screams for Kelly. He pulls Daniel from the field.

MILITIA
It's a trap!

They make it to the front entrance. Shane injects their legs with Pralidoxime. He checks his 3D printed rifle-empty.

SHANE
We're getting out. Across the street, over the border, to the hills.

Daniel is despondent. He jabs a finger into his arm wound.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Come on, captain.

Shane pulls Daniel up and they leave the building.

EXT. COLISEUM PARKING LOT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A jet explodes overhead, illuminating a missile trail.

Their flank has collapsed and UN soldiers are pressing in over the wreckage. Shane drops Daniel behind a nearby vehicle hull as militia are shot around them.

CONTINUED:

The Ranger's chinook helicopters burn. Jets scream between buildings. Fire is coming in from all sides. Shane laughs.

SHANE
I guess that's it. The best we could do.

Daniel looks between the smoking Coliseum and the withering flames around him. Time to die. Fine with him.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Don't let them take you alive, Dan. On three. One, two - three!

They split each way around the chassis - two targets instead of one. A rocket screams in. Blackness.

INT. DARK PLACE - NIGHT

Daniel lies naked on the ground, heaving.

Suddenly the dim walls around him shoot away in all directions, and then the floor disappears.

Daniel shrieks as he falls into the bear-like jaws rushing up at him. Just before impact, Daniel closes his eyes.

INT. NIKASSI MANSION - DAY

5-year old Daniel opens his eyes at the top of the flight of stairs. He turns to find his father standing next to him.

DANIEL
Daddy?

Simeon seizes young Daniel and forcibly pushes him back toward the washroom. Down the hall, Daniel's grandfather, naked and eyes bulbous, steps out, waiting - clutching the serpentine orb-eyed statue.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
No! No!

He's inside the washroom, which is dark with lit candles. There's a long ritual knife in Daniel's hand. His hand is forced forward. The blade goes into Abner Nikassi's neck. Blood sprays young Daniel's face.

Daniel is struck on the head with a lead pipe. Then again. His young mind shuts off.

EXT. COLISEUM PARKING LOT - DAWN

Daniel gurgles awake, coughing and screaming inside his gas mask. It's morning. He is covered with guts and bodies.

He crawls and sputters his way out, emerging to a blank white light. He has been dragged 100 meters to a pile of bodies.

He pulls off the gas mask and vomits. Shaking, he finally looks up to the Coliseum.

It's surrounded by burning vehicles. A HAZMAT crew clears away the bodies. Trucks drop off stacks of the black coffins.

Inside the dome, the execution scaffold still stands. A large American flag hangs, half burned, from the wall. Daniel knows that Kelly is still inside, dead.

He breaks down, sobbing silently, too dehydrated to produce tears, and too sick and weak to stand.

The crew finds a teenage militia member still alive, who raises his hands weakly in surrender. One of them fires a pistol through his hand and into his face. They throw him back into the pile.

Daniel crawls pathetically out of the pile. As the men approach him, he raises up to his knees. One of the crew readies the pistol.

Before the shot, another man stops him. He takes off his mask and leans over Daniel. Daniel looks up - it's Dragan.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

Daniel is dragged down a bright hallway and through locker room doors.

He is forced into a locker, too small to stand or sit. The door closes. On the outside is spray-painted VIP in red.

FADE TO BLACK.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A) Daniel suffering in locker torture position for days.

B) Daniel beaten and kicked.

C) Knife pulling out of Severson's belly. He becomes Kelly.

INT. VIP LOCKER

Daniel shakes with pain, sickness, starvation. He's trapped in a locker torture position. Time does not exist here. His right arm is still useless from being shot.

VOICE (O.S.)
Pain is such a special thing. The medium of true art. The separation of body and mind. Did you know that Marx said that the only antidote to mental suffering is physical pain?

He looks for the voice source. He brings his hand to his head, and feels a second face emerging from his scars!

FACE
Without enough pain, life is only carefully controlled insanity.

Suddenly the door is pulled open and Daniel is thrown to the ground. He screams as blood rushes back into his naked limbs. He fights with a vision of multiple twisted arms and legs emerging from his abdomen.

The arms reach toward the darkness, and Simeon emerges from it. The arms disappear. Simeon looms over him. He is immaculate in a tailored suit. His head wound is ugly, but healed. Simeon scrutinizes him.

SIMEON
Well. At least you appear to be in good health.

Daniel pants and wheezes on the ground. Dragan pulls him up and forces him onto a bench, where he is tied down.

DANIEL
Who are you?

SIMEON
Ego caput draconis. The answer to your questions, scribbled in unfinished manuscripts. I'm your handler, Daniel.

DANIEL
I won't -

SIMEON
(waves dismissively)
You should understand that this is not about information.

CONTINUED:

DANIEL
Then what?

Dragan squats down next to him. He smiles a little, taps Daniel's leg bullet wound knowingly. Daniel glares.

SIMEON
Control.

A rag is thrown over Daniel's face.

DANIEL
Just kill me already. You've taken everything.

Dragan seizes the bench and drags it to the shower room.

SIMEON
Everything, you think? You think the easy culling of you useless eaters was everything?

Ice cold water sprays. Daniel sputters and chokes.

SIMEON (CONT'D)
Why, Daniel, all of this is POSSIBLE because of your resistance! We let a few of you run around to take potshots at the troops. It's good for morale - people being people. No need to force them, even though we could.

Dragan turns the water off. Daniel gasps and splutters.

SIMEON (CONT'D)
Since you're keen on questions, I have one. You teach history, so this should be an easy one for you. How do you co-opt a revolution?

The water turns on.

SIMEON (CONT'D)
Just let it happen.

The water continues. Senses dull. Daniel sputters, chokes, and falls silent.

CONTINUED: (2)

SIMEON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Listen, Daniel - since I know you can still hear and understand, in that place where you are - the struggle between us is not life and death. There is always more we can take. And tonight, you'll see just how much more.

Daniel surges back to life as Dragan removes an epinephrine injector from his heart. He gasps and retches. Simeon stands and stretches his arms.

SIMEON (CONT'D)
I'm not sure if I expected more from a proud American insurgent, but I am a little disappointed in you. Mr. Dragan, he is ready.

Dragan seizes Daniel by the wrists, and drags him back toward the locker. Daniel gibbers and whimpers - rage and fear - no longer a sane human man.

SIMEON (CONT'D)
That's the spirit.

He is forced inside, and the door clangs shut. Screams echo.

INT. WHITE SPACE - LATER

Daniel and John are sitting across from each other blank white space.

DANIEL
Ugh, you again. How did you get in here?

JOHN
I paid the janitor.

Daniel laughs weakly. It is clear he is starving. His breath comes in ragged gasps, emitting vapor as if it's cold. John breathes easily - no vapor.

DANIEL
I must be dead.

JOHN
Nobody gets out of life alive, man. The living should take this to heart.

Daniel brings his hand to his head, touching his scars.

CONTINUED:

DANIEL
There's something in here. With me.

JOHN
Yeah. There is.

Daniel's vision suddenly pinches between realities and he sees a flash of a dark presence. He reacts fearfully.

DANIEL
What is she?

JOHN
Security here is tight, so I don't have long. But I need you to understand. She.. is not.. you.

John pats his chest. *Inside*. Daniel breaks down and he sobs in pain and fear, remembering the last touch of his wife.

DANIEL
She killed Kelly, didn't she?

JOHN
You both killed her.

Daniel remembers closing the door on Kelly again and again.

DANIEL
I was afraid of losing her. I didn't have a choice.

JOHN
There's always a choice.

John hands him the idol.

JOHN (CONT'D)
It's easy to see enemies in your problems. The hard part is seeing yourself in your enemies.

John suddenly looks up, then back to Daniel.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Your friends have arrived.

INT. VIP LOCKER - CONTINUOUS

Daniel shakes with pain back in the locker torture position. Heavy boots approach. John is gone. Daniel finds something in his left hand - the idol.

CONTINUED:

JOHN (O.S.)
(disembodied whisper)
Breathe out.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dragan drags Daniel to elevator doors. Daniel has been shaved bald, scars prominent on his head. Two sheriffs step aside as the doors slide open, and Simeon stands inside.

Simeon smiles as Daniel is dragged aboard. The elevator hums, but Daniel can't tell if they're going up or down.

INT. VIP BOX - NIGHT

Daniel shivers in the center of a lavishly decorated room. There is ominous laughter from clustered shapes around the outside edge of the light.

Daniel, struggling to look up, sees for a moment a wide swath of watching individuals, all orb-eyed and each with slithering creatures intimately wrapped around them. The vision is gone in a flash.

DANIEL
There's something in here.

Simeon steps from the shadows.

SIMEON
Oh yes, there is.

Dragan tosses Simeon the idol. Simeon looks at it in surprise, then back down to Daniel.

SIMEON (CONT'D)
You HAVE walked far.

DANIEL
What else do you want from me?

Simeon sets the carving down beside Daniel.

SIMEON
To die. But there is something *you* must do at the Gate first. You should feel honored - most never achieve such purpose with their lives. Are you ready to die?

DANIEL
Are you ready to make me?

CONTINUED:

Simeon leans in close. Studies him.

SIMEON
Why do you fight?

DANIEL
For her.

Simeon howls with laughter.

SIMEON
We leech your minds from you until you are but flesh vessels to be controlled, and you do not whimper. We rot you with pleasant illusions, and you do not resist. We take but ONE of your fatuous physical attachments and you beg for death like a cur!

DANIEL
You're not all-seeing. You're not.

Simeon gets up and paces. The blinds are thrown open, and Daniel sees that they are high up in the VIP box of the Coliseum, which is lavished with food and luxuries.

A night football game is going on. The stands are crowded with screaming fans. There is no evidence of the battle.

SIMEON
Look down. It's like it never happened. But I'm told survivors on the coasts are eating car tires.

Daniel bows his head. The fans cheer a touchdown - worshiping at their altar.

Simeon comes in close, grabbing Daniel's bloodied face.

SIMEON (CONT'D)
If only you could know what this blood is worth. And you mingle it with that mongrel redheaded bitch. But you've been a reliable sleeper, Daniel. You've obeyed every trigger. Except one.

He wipes his bloody hand down his own neck.

SIMEON (CONT'D)
Bring her. Your *true* bride. Bring her, Daniel.

CONTINUED: (2)

Daniel struggles, becoming dizzy, but nothing happens. The hooded figures stir.

MIALCZARAK
He has been trained.

SIMEON
Yes. Yet EGO CAPUT DRACONIS. I am the head of the beast.

Daniel is seized and spun around on the spot. A black-bagged woman is brought in by Dragan and forced to her knees.

The bag is ripped off. It's Kelly. Daniel's head is swimming and he cannot decide if it's real.

DANIEL
Kells?

KELLY
Danny!

Dragan drops a lead pipe from his belt and grips it.

DANIEL
No. Don't hurt her. Don't.

SIMEON
(whisper)
She wasn't brought in with the others, was she, Daniel? She's been here, with us. Can you even imagine the things we've done to her? I think you can.

DANIEL
Don't.

Simeon whirls in front of him and squats down to eye level.

SIMEON
We do what we want, Daniel.

He rushes over to Kelly.

KELLY
Danny, they -

Dragan grabs her chin and forces her face up.

SIMEON
Now, Daniel, I know you have trouble with knives.
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (3)

SIMEON (CONT'D)
At least, sometimes you do. So this may be hard for you.

He pulls up Kelly's shirt, revealing a wide, curved scar. A C-section. Simeon pulls the sacrificial knife. Dan recoils.

SIMEON (CONT'D)
(whisper)
At least I didn't make YOU do it. I'm not without courtesy. But thanks for the heir.

Dragan ties a gag around Kelly's mouth. Simeon laughs as Daniel struggles to get up with one arm.

SIMEON (CONT'D)
You have been allowed to live amongst them for your development, and now it is time. You have been hardened against your training by an outsider, but he wasted his time trying to steal my book. Fools! Eat ye not of the tree of knowledge? Fools! The knowledge is in ME!

Simeon slaps Daniel.

SIMEON (CONT'D)
The knowledge is in you!

He slaps Daniel again, and wipes the blood from both his hands down the sides of his face.

SIMEON (CONT'D)
And if you will not bring her... I will MAKE you bring her.

Simeon goes back to the red book.

SIMEON (CONT'D)
Let's get down to it.

The book opens.

SIMEON (CONT'D)
Per determinatur coactione, inscia sacrificium...

The shapes around the room echo each line.

CONTINUED: (4)

SIMEON (CONT'D)
...inter unum et duo, sinit in armiger lux. Blood is blood. Proceed.

Dragan brings the pipe down hard. Again and again.

DANIEL
(shooting to his feet)
No!

Simeon appears behind him, thrusting the knife into his hand.

SIMEON
It's time.

Daniel's vision whites out.

INT. NIKASSI MANSION - DAY

5-year old Daniel opens his eyes. He is at the top of the flight of stairs. He turns to find his father standing next to him.

DANIEL
Daddy?

Simeon seizes young Daniel and forcibly pushes him back toward the washroom. The hooded figures follow.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
No! No! Daddy, please.

SIMEON
Trust me, Daniel.

Darkness. Candles. Young Daniel is struck in the head with a lead pipe over and over, leaving long ugly head wounds.

Abner lies on a stone slab. Daniel's hand is on the knife as it slides into Abner's throat, guided by Simeon. Young Daniel is splashed with blood. Abner grins wide as Simeon approaches Daniel with the idol.

DANIEL
Please, daddy. I love you.

Hooded figures chant the Latin incantation.

The idol comes down, dips into Daniel's blood. Young Daniel seizes, his eyes going white.

INT. VIP BOX - NIGHT

Daniel looks up to see the world as it is, no longer in his body - all around him, the hooded figures are revealed to be orb-eyed collective-consciousness mind-slaves, controlled, moving in sync, emitting a dead blue light. Only Kelly burns red. The pipe is frozen in midair.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - FLASHBACK

Kelly is lying in bed in pain.

KELLY
Don't leave me.

Daniel pauses by the door, dressed for combat, ready to go.

INTERCUT VIP BOX/SAFE HOUSE

Daniel watches his physical body moving on its own. It has black eyes, and moves like the dark-haired woman, veins standing out over its head scars.

Its ethereal color is a sickly green - sinking toward blue, and it stalks toward Kelly with the knife raised in its left hand. The football fans outside cheer.

Behind Daniel's body, Simeon's true form stands - a savage bear-like beast. The head turns to him in his third-party state. It cocks its head.

Daniel stares at his animated body, and it looks back.

DANIEL
I see you now.

Daniel turns to Kelly, then looks straight up. The light above him is very bright. He stands there, eyes tearing, yet laughing. His euphoric expression mirrors the "raptured."

DANIEL (CONT'D)
I see you.

Daniel laughs while crying, staring up into the ethereal white light, amazed by its beauty. His eyes roll and he falls to the side - right into his physical body, which is now a flaming red color. Simeon the bear bellows in rage.

Daniel snaps back to a physical reality. He's sharing his body with the black haired entity, and fights it for control.

He bests it, pinning his own knife-wielding hand to the floor with his knee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks to Simeon.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
The good outnumber you, and always will.

Daniel lets his hand go, and the knife plunges into his own neck. Blood splatters the nearby idol. It vibrates as the spirit is forced into it. It shatters.

The room is slammed with supernatural silence. Daniel drops the knife and sinks into a zen-like sitting position, thick blood running from the wound. Kelly is able to raise her head as Dragan stops in surprise.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
I'll see you over there, angel. Ok?

Kelly's eyes soften. She understands. Dragan snarls and continues the beating with fury as Daniel drops his eyes.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
(too weak to weep)
I'll see you soon.

He drops to the ground as the pipe blows continue to land. Simeon stands over him, still and silent.

SIMEON
Stop.

Dragan snarls, his chest heaving. He is spray-blasted with Kelly's blood. Simeon leans down to whisper in Daniel's ear.

SIMEON (CONT'D)
How tenuous and desperate your tiny lives are. Why do you resist, even now?

Daniel bleeds, breath getting shallow.

SIMEON (CONT'D)
This stops nothing, you know.

DANIEL
We'll see.

Daniel *breathes out*. His eyes close.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

A calm morning light enters the open window. Daniel stands by the door, ready to leave. He is bloody, shaved bald, and wearing combat gear.

KELLY
Don't leave me.

Kelly lies in bed, beaten. One eye cracks open.

This time Daniel chooses to stay. He comes back to the bed.

INTERCUT SAFEHOUSE/VIP BOX

Daniel pulls his emaciated body over to her.

He puts his arm around her and they curl into the fetal position. He is transformed - the gear, grime, and blood are gone. His hair has returned.

DANIEL
Go.

His hand curls around hers, and they both go to her heart as he settles in behind her.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
I love you.

She smiles slowly and beautifully. Her eyes close. The sun rises.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. VIP BOX - MORNING

It's a cold gray morning. Daniel and Kelly lie on the floor as if dead. Someone has bandaged Daniel's neck. He slowly and calmly wakes up with a smile on his face. Next to him, Kelly has gone cold.

His hand finds her belly, which bears an ugly incision. Somewhere, he has a child. Daniel slowly absorbs this. He smiles sadly but beautifully.

Dragan pushes the door open. Daniel looks up. He is ready.

EXT. SHOPPING DISTRICT - DAY

Time has passed, and people move about outside in the shopping district in a strange, detached way.

CONTINUED:

Christmas lights are strung up, and people carry bags and wrapped gifts. Surveillance poles and black-suited police stand guard everywhere, some walking with strutting man-like land drones.

Overhead screens make announcements in unison.

NEWS ANCHOR
- citizens celebrate victory in Minneapolis, authorities continue the hunt for surviving terrorists in outlying areas -

A long column of black vehicles slides past.

INT. BLACK SUV - DAY

Daniel sits in the backseat.

The convoy stops gently, and Daniel sees Grant at the crosswalk.

SIMEON
Like it never happened.

Grant crosses the street, holding hands with Rachel. All of the shoppers move about with vacant, dead expressions. Simeon chuckles, then turns back around. The convoy moves again, leaving the shopping district.

SIMEON (CONT'D)
You'll be obedient. Yes?

Daniel says nothing, observing him calmly.

SIMEON (CONT'D)
Aren't you afraid?

Daniel does not drop his eyes. Simeon realizes he has no power over him. He turns back around, adjusts his tie in the mirror.

SIMEON (CONT'D)
It doesn't matter. You don't have long.

The convoy drives on.

EXT. STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

In an alleyway, as the convoys pass, John waits, warrior mohawk revealed, his tomahawk dropped to attack position.

CONTINUED:

He breathes out vapor.

FADE OUT:

THE END

GRAY STATE